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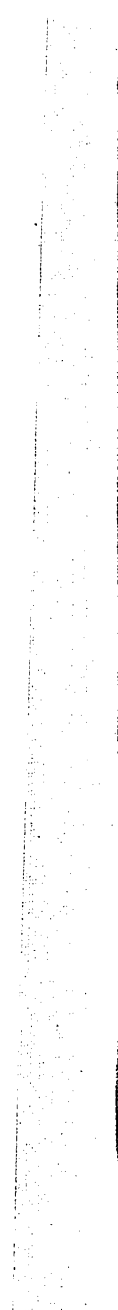
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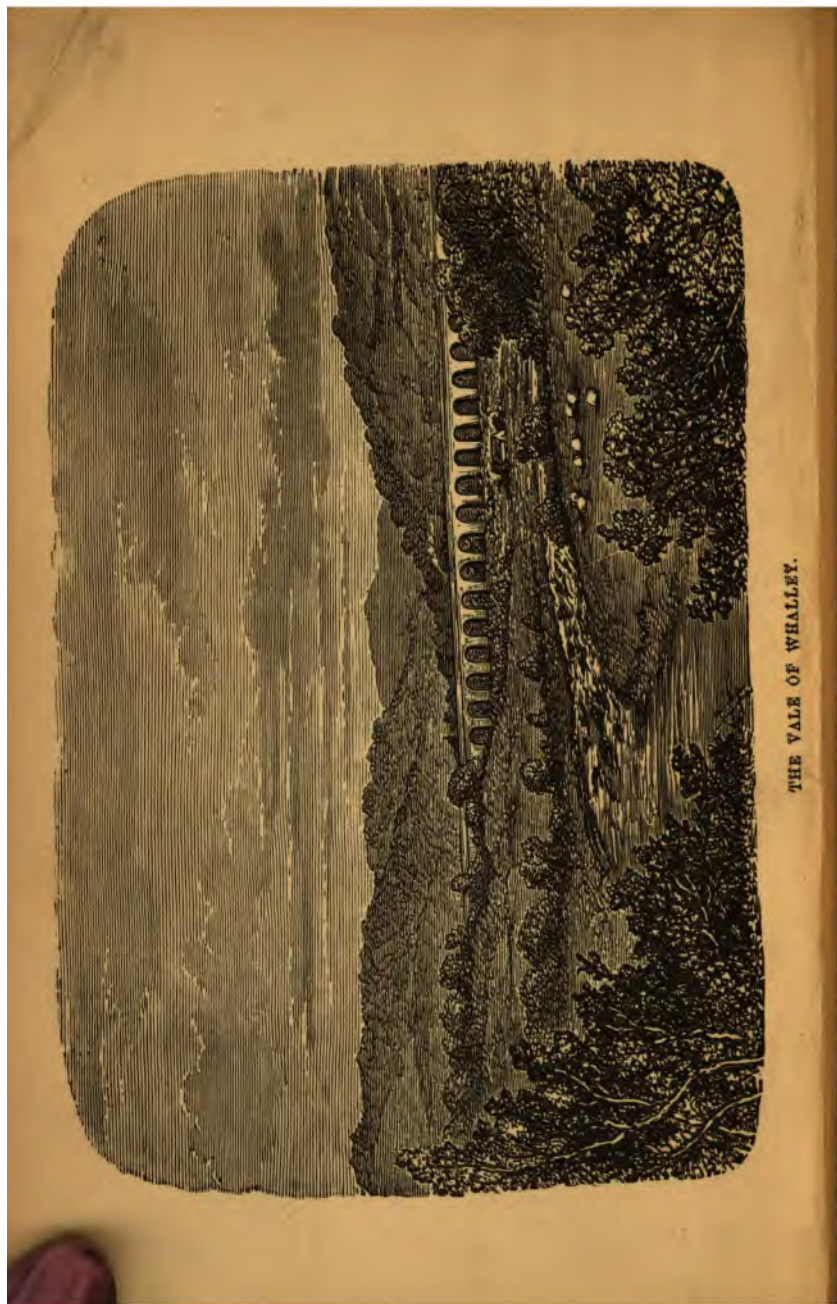




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THE VALE OF WHALLEY.

A
Pictorial Handbook
TO THE
VALLEY OF THE RIBBLE,

BEING
A Complete Guide to the Tourist, or the Stranger,
VISITING

BLACKBURN, WILPSHIRE, RIBCHESTER,
WHALLEY, MITTON, STONYHURST, CLITHEROE,
PENDLE HILL, SAWLEY ABBEY, GIBBURN,
GORDALE SCAR, MALHAM COVE,
SETTLE AND THE SOURCE OF THE RIBBLE.

BY THOS. JOHNSON.

WITH
40 ILLUSTRATIONS

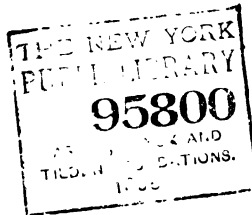
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MR. CHAS. HAWORTH, OF BLACKBURN.

SECOND EDITION.

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ROY WEBB
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PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION.

MANY of the following pages were introduced to the public in the summer of 1880, under the title of "From Blackburn to Gisburn; a Handbook for Tourists and Travellers." In a note at the end of that publication, it was stated that in a future edition it was the intention of the publishers to illustrate and describe the beautiful spots which the completion of the line from Gisburn to Hellifield had opened out to the numerous class of tourists and travellers from the thickly-populated towns of East Lancashire. In fulfilment of that promise, and from the fact that the above-named handbook is at the time of writing (July, 1881,) nearly out of print, the present edition, under a more comprehensive title, is issued, in the hope that it will meet with as favourable a reception as its predecessor.

Though much additional matter has been added, the compiler has been careful to keep the book within the prescribed limits of the title, and has endeavoured to make it generally readable without going into minute particulars. To record all that might prove interesting would be simply impossible within the compass of a handbook, standard authors having written volumes on the historical relics of this district alone.

Authorities are not often named, because space being limited literal quotation is not always given, the facts being generally applied in condensed or re-written relations.

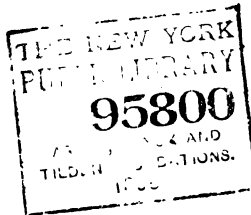
Most of the sketches are from nature—taken on the spot; and though not got up in an elaborate or expensive manner—which if they had been would have greatly increased the price of the book—their truthfulness may be relied upon; which could not be said had the artist trusted to memory or the descriptions of others alone.

PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION.

THE speedy sale of the first edition of this work has induced the publishers to use their best endeavours to make the present one still more worthy of encouragement, by subjecting it to such alterations and improvements as were judged essential to complete its design.

There has been added a chapter, comprised in twenty pages, on Settle and the Source of the Ribble; and seven illustrations, viz., Stonyhurst College, Pendle Hill, Waddow Hall, Settle Market Place and Castleberg, Stainforth Force, Giggleswick Ebbing and Flowing Well, and Thorns Gill, have in this edition made their first appearance; while another view of Clitheroe Castle is substituted in place of the one which appeared in the former issue; so that with these additions and improvements, it is hoped that the work will be found to deserve undiminished success.

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HAWORTH AND JOHNSON, PRINTERS, CHURCH-STREET, BLACKBURN.

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other occupation than that of listening to the murmurings of the fretful waves, repeating their melancholy song of unwearied bondage as they roll in upon the strand.

There is no doubt that scenes like these are highly calculated to soothe the mind by a calm contemplation of their resplendent beauty, and are all-sufficient for those who seek rest only for an overworked and exhausted brain. But there are many who seek not only rest but recreation, to whom the sea alone has but few attractions. They long for the green fields and shady dells of the country, as the only change of scene likely to recruit their wasted energies, satisfy their desires, and adequately refresh their minds so as to prove at once conducive to health and to enjoyment.

It is, however, somewhat difficult to provide for all the various wants of the general tourist so as to suit all tastes, inasmuch as each differs considerably in his acceptance of what rational enjoyment really consists. A few, no doubt, would relish a stroll on the beach, a bathe in the sea, or a sail in a fisherman's boat. Others would prefer a mountain climb, or a row on a lake, whilst others again would regard their pleasure as incomplete unless they were in the woods, buried amongst forest beauties, imbibing the country air and indulging the soul in rapturous contemplation of nature's glories. The naturalist would doubtless prefer peeping into all the clefts and crevices and lonely out-of-the-way corners he could find, in search of rare plants and botanic specimens; whilst the geologist would not be at his heart's ease unless engaged in examining the nature, substance, and component parts of stratified and unstratified rocks, and, hammer in hand,

in chipping off sundry precious bits for preservation as cabinet curiosities. Neither can there be any doubt that the great majority would delight in visiting places famous in their country's story, and associated with dear memories of the past, recalling incidents of history of long, long ago, linked with the fame of the illustrious dead, who have written their names indelibly on its chequered page.

Of all the healthy and pleasurable relaxations which man can possibly enjoy, surely the most refreshing is that of a ramble among scenes of beauty, where nature, decked in her richest robes, is seen in her full pristine purity. There is no need to seek the Continent for magnificent and enchanting scenery,—

England! thou hast within thy wave-girl isle
Scenes of magnificence and beauty rare,
Too often scorn'd by thy ungrateful sons,
Who leave, unseen, thy lovely hills and vales,
And seek for pleasure 'neath a foreign sky.

Some of these scenes we have around us in the mountain fastnesses of Cumberland, Westmorland, and Yorkshire, and that portion of Lancashire opening into the Ribblesdale Valley, the key to which is the populous and important manufacturing town of Blackburn, which, as affording ready facility to places possessed of great historical interest, and being within easy access of much that will prove interesting in antiquarian research,—in the investigation of remnants of past ages scattered profusely over this part of the country, we shall take as our starting-point.

Blackburn.

What though brisk manufacture taints our sky
 Six days together with its smoke unburn'd,
 Upon the seventh it giveth to the eye
 A thousand obelisks,—as if it mourn'd
 What it had done to nature, and so turn'd
 On Sabbaths to an Oriental clime
 Of classic columns all the chimnied land,—
 A scene of human interests sublime
 As any ever known in thy old annals, Time !



THE visitor who may be unacquainted with Blackburn, must not expect to find a handsome town, with splendid public edifices and all the concomitants of luxury and wealth. It is the curious observer of England's commercial progress who will not fail to see in this great manufacturing centre the enterprise and perseverance of the employer, the skill of the artizan, and the

patient industry of the operative, sufficient to interest him in a very high degree.

By an Act passed in the session of Parliament 1877, the boundary of the municipal borough was made the same as that of the parliamentary. By this enlargement, the area of the borough was increased from 3,681 to 4,070 acres. By another more recent Act the area was extended to 6,973 acres. The population, which in 1770 was 5,000, had increased in 1801 to 11,980, and in 1871 to 76,329. The present extended borough contains upwards of 104,000 persons.

Historical Sketch.

The history of Blackburn has been written by several able pens. In a work of this description it would be impossible to give more than the briefest sketch of the annals of the town, intimately associated as they are with those of the whole county.

In the feudal ages of Edward the Confessor, Blackburn, or, as it was then called, Blagborne, was an obscure village, the Parish Church of St. Marie and the abode of the parson being the only buildings of any note. The chief occupations of the inhabitants were agriculture and getting stone from the rocks for building. They are described as a stout and active race of people, deeply attached to hunting deer and other kinds of game. It is related that a Roman Castle once stood here, which remained till the Saxon period; but it has disappeared, and the site itself can scarcely be ascertained. That it was formerly occupied by the Romans there are not wanting evidences to show. On Mellor Moor, a distance of only three miles north-west

of the town, there are vestiges of a Roman encampment, supposed to have been an out-post connected with the great station at Ribchester. At Langho, a few miles to the north, there was a Roman road issuing from Ribchester and crossing the Calder; and one also traversed the parish of Blackburn from south to north. In 798, a great battle was fought at Langho, between Duke Wada and Ardulph, king of Northumbria, when nearly 600 men were slain. Mounds, or tumuli, which are said to have been the places of sepulture, may be seen near the spot; and in July, 1879, a remarkable discovery was made on the hill behind the terrace of houses known as Revidge Mount, situate at the north-western extremity of Blackburn. Whilst a number of workmen were engaged in levelling a portion of what are now the remains of the crown of Revidge, the pickaxe of one of the men penetrated a curiously-constructed vessel and broke it into several pieces, scattering at the same time a quantity of bones which the urn contained. This attracted attention, and on the relic being examined it was found to be one of those cinerary urns which were used by our ingenious ancestors to preserve the bones of the dead. It was disinterred, and the fragments were cemented together, when it was found to measure ten inches in height and nine inches in diameter across the centre, a point at which it swells like a common pitcher. The substance appears to be that of rudely-baked pottery, and the ornamentation consists of the herring-bone and zigzag patterns. A portion of a bronze pin was found underneath the urn. The bones comprised fragments of the skull, jaws, teeth, legs, and arms, and those of the feet and hands could be readily distinguished. Local archæolo-

gists suppose the remains to be those of some notable personage of the Romano-British period, for it was only such who were honoured after death with the rite of cremation. The interment may have taken place from 1,400 to 1,600 years ago. The place of the discovery is but a short distance to the west of the line of the Roman road from Manchester through Blackburn to Ribchester, and there are some traces of entrenchment around the knoll-like summit, which may have been, like Mellor Moor, the site of a small specular fortified post in the Roman period and later.—Both the urn and its contents may be seen in the Museum attached to the Blackburn Free Library.

After Edward the Confessor, the De Lacies came into possession of the entire territory, it having been bestowed upon them by the Conqueror. The manor afterwards devolved from them to several successive proprietors, and became the property of the first Lord Fauconberg. His descendant, Thomas Viscount Fauconberg, sold the manor, with all its appurtenances, in the year 1721, for the sum of £8,650, to William Baldwin, Henry Feilden, and William Sudell, Esqrs. Since 1854, the entire manor has been the property of the Feilden family, Major-General Feilden, M.P. for North Lancashire, being the present lord.

As we have just hinted, the annals of Blackburn are closely interwoven with those of the whole county; but it is unnecessary here to describe either the long and bloody war which commenced in 1455 between the rival houses of York and Lancaster, or the almost equally disastrous occurrence of 1513, when James IV. of Scotland,

with a large army, attempted the invasion of England,
and in order to repel his incursions,

All Lancashire for the most part
The lusty Stanley forth did lead;
A stock of striplings, strong of heart,
Brought up from babes with beef and bread.

From Warton unto Warrington,
From Wigan unto Wyresdale,
From Weddicar to Waddington,
From old Ribchester to Rochdale.

From Poulton and Preston with pikes,
They with the Stanley stout forth went;
From Pemberton and Pilling dikes
For battle billmen bold were bent.

With fellows fierce and fresh in fights,
Which Horton fields turn'd out in scores;
With lusty lads—liver and lights—
From Blackburn and Bolton i'th' Moors.

Nothing important in the history of the town occurs till the time of Cromwell, when, upon Christmas-eve, 1642, Sir Gilbert de Hoghton, at the outset of the Civil War, with a Royalist army advanced upon Blackburn, garrisoned for the Parliament, but was repulsed and retired to Preston. Other skirmishes with the Royalists afterwards took place, but the meed of success always went with the "lusty lads" of Blackburn, who, it would appear, struck for liberty in that day with the same pertinacity as they strike for wages in this.

It was about the time of the Commonwealth (1650) that Blackburn dates its rise as a manufacturing town. The first fabrics for which it was distinguished were called "Blackburn checks," a species of cloth consisting of a linen warp and a cotton weft, one or both of which, being dyed in the thread gave to the piece when woven a striped

or checked appearance. This article was afterwards superseded by the "Blackburn greys," so called from their colour, neither the warp nor weft having been dyed before it was put into the loom. These goods were usually sent to London to be printed. The grand epoch of improvements began to show itself in the year 1765, which led the manufacturers of this district to turn their attention to the making of calicoes; and from that time to the present Blackburn has been celebrated for the production of its looms more, perhaps, than any other town in the county.

Blackburn lays claim to the earliest improvements in spinning machinery. In the year 1767, James Hargreaves, of Stanhill, Oswaldtwistle, near Blackburn, constructed a spinning-jenny that would spin twenty or thirty threads of cotton into yarn. It answered all the purposes required, and in consequence his engines were wantonly destroyed by a mob, and himself driven out of Lancashire. He retired to Nottingham, where he died in 1779. Ten years after the destruction of the spinning-jenny, a spinning factory on a large scale was erected at Wensley-fold, then about a mile out of the town, which shared the fate of being destroyed by the populace. This was the cause or stopping trade in its progress, and of causing many who were inclined to risk their capital here to move to other places where property was more secure. Nearly fifty years were required to inspire confidence in many before they would establish themselves in this part. However, at length spinning factories began to be erected here, so that from 1820 to 1827 was a period of great importance in that line. In 1831, 170,000 spindles were at work in the town and neighbourhood, which yielded an average

weight of yarn of about 65,000lb. weekly. In 1849, upwards of 1,100,000 spindles were at work, and the number of manufactured cotton pieces approached weekly 60,000, giving employment to over 10,000 people. In 1879, 1,142,324 spindles were running, and owing to the unprecedented depression in trade, 405,826 over that number were stopped. In the same year, the number of power looms was 58,441, of which nearly 10,000 were idle. In 1881, the number of spindles employed in the Blackburn municipal borough was 1,600,000, and the number of looms 58,000. The consuming power was about 175,000 tons. Blackburn itself received from Liverpool 35,000 tons of cotton, and from Manchester 36,000 tons of yarn. The number of mills and sheds is 114, which, in prosperous times, gives employment to over 30,000 operatives. In addition to the numerous cotton manufactories, there are extensive iron and other works, and coal is found in the immediate neighbourhood.

Objects of Interest in Blackburn.

Touching the objects worthy the attention of the visitor, there are not many public buildings in Blackburn about which much can be said, and perhaps the stranger will be content with a general survey of the town, without threading its streets to search out its various public edifices. However, should he have time at his disposal, and feel a desire to inspect its "lions," he will find the following among the most interesting:—

Places of Worship.

The original *Parish Church*, dedicated to St. Marie, was erected in the year 598, and taken down and renewed in

1850. This in its turn having become dilapidated by the hand of time, and seemingly going fast to decay, it was thought proper to rebuild; therefore it was agreed at a meeting of the parishioners, held August 6th, 1818, "to rebuild the Church, commensurate with the increase of the inhabitants, and upon a plan truly English in its architectural decorations." For this purpose an Act of Parliament was obtained, and the corner-stone of the present stately edifice in Church Street laid on the 2nd September, 1828, by the Vicar of Blackburn, the Rev. T. D. Whitaker, the learned historian and antiquary. On the 13th September, 1826, it was re-opened, the cost of its erection being £86,000. It is in the florid Gothic style of architecture, and consists of a nave, chancel, north and south aisles, and a beautiful square tower, of three stories, surmounted at the angles by octagonal pinnacles or spires. The interior is spacious and handsome. The nave arches, six in number, are sustained by cylindrical columns surrounded by four semi-cylindrical shafts, these columns, with one or two exceptions, being monoliths. The organ gallery occupies the west end of the nave, and is filled with one of the finest organs in the county, the gift of William Coddington, Esq., M.P., its cost being upwards of £3,000. There are about 1,450 sittings in the Church, of which 700 are free.

The principal remaining Churches in Blackburn belonging to the Establishment are *St. John's*, in St. John's Place, erected in 1788, at a cost of £8,000; *St. Paul's*, in St. Paul's Street, built in 1791; *St. Peter's*, a noble edifice, in St. Peter's Street, built in 1820, at a cost of £13,000; *Holy Trinity*, in Trinity Street, erected in 1846,

at a cost of £6,000. *St. Michael & All Angels' Church* was first built in Daisy Field in 1839, but a new structure was erected in Whalley New Road in 1869. It is in the early English style, and the cost of its erection was about £5,000. *All Saints' Church*, Bolton Road, built as a memorial to the late Dr. Rushton, Vicar of Blackburn, is a beautiful Gothic edifice, consecrated in 1872. *St. Luke's*, Bank Top, *St. Thomas's*, in Audley, and *Christ Church*, Mosely Street, are all handsome modern-built Churches, but do not call for any special architectural description.

The Dissenting bodies have also erected some very beautiful structures in the town, amongst which may be mentioned the *Congregational Church*, in Chapel Street, which has not inaptly been styled the Cathedral of dissent. This handsome Gothic edifice, with

Her tower, aspiring high,
Seeming to penetrate the arched sky,

built at a cost of £18,000, was opened in 1874, having taken the place of an old chapel dating from 1778, which was destroyed by fire in 1872. The *Park Road Congregational Church*, built in the late decorated style, is also a fine building, erected in 1858, at a cost of £5,000. *St. George's Presbyterian Church*, Preston New Road, is an elegant building, erected in 1866, at a cost of £7,000; and a little higher up the Road, the *Wesleyans* have recently enriched the appearance of that part of the town by erecting a handsome Church, with lofty spire, at an expense of over £10,000.

Neither are the Roman Catholics behindhand either in the character or number of their places of worship. *St. Joseph's Church*, Audley, is a most imposing structure,

designed by Messrs. Goldie & Childe, of London, and opened by Cardinal Manning, August 30th, 1877. The Schools are placed under the Church, giving the whole a look of great magnitude. The cost of the building was about £12,000. *St. Alban's*, erected in 1824, is a neat edifice, occupying a pleasant situation in St. Alban's Place, Larkhill. It was much embellished in 1850 and subsequent years; and in September, 1877, a magnificent high altar of pure marble was placed in the Church, at a cost of nearly £900. The antependium to the altar, representing the Nativity, was executed in Rome; and in three niches are full life-size figures of St. Joseph, St. Alban, and St. Patrick. *St. Anne's*, France Street, was opened in 1857; and *St. Mary's*, Islington, a neat Gothic edifice, erected at a cost of £5,000, in 1865.

To nearly all the Churches just mentioned, and to many others in the town which we have not enumerated, day and Sunday Schools—many of them extensive establishments—are attached. Nearly 17,000 children are in daily attendance at these Schools.

The Town Hall,

which stands in the Market Place, is a noble and handsome building, in the Italian style of architecture. The foundation-stone was laid in October, 1852, and the building completed in 1856, at an outlay of over £30,000. It has in front a line of Corinthian columns upon a rustic basement, the entablature of those columns being mounted by an attic and perforated parapet, the main entrance in the centre having three gateways opening into the vestibule. The altitude from the street to the summit of the parapet is 62 feet. There are two towers, each 80 feet

high. The interior arrangements are most complete, and comprise offices for the principal borough officials, with large court-house, lighted by a glass dome. The west front is occupied by a spacious room, 114 feet by 50 feet, for public meetings, balls, &c., and on the east side are the police offices.

The Exchange.

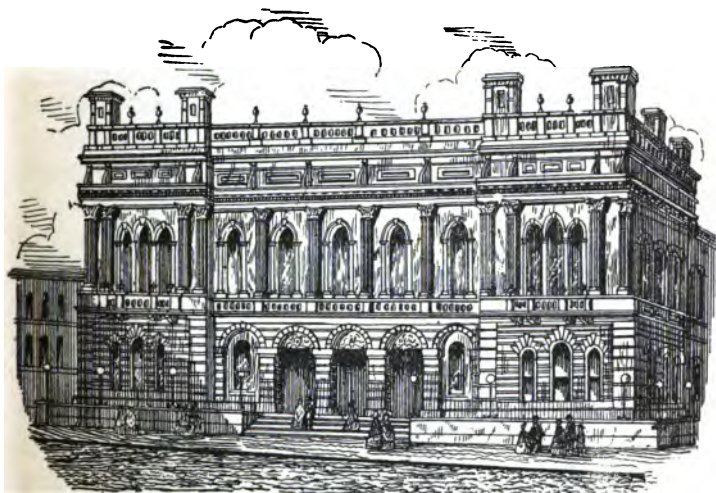
Opposite the front entrance of the Town Hall is the Exchange, in the Gothic style of architecture, having an ornamental octagonal tower, which no doubt is destined at some future time to be surmounted by a spire, in keeping with the style and architecture of the building, thereby greatly enhancing its beauty. The large room is 140 feet long and 50 feet wide, and is capable of accommodating 1,200 persons. A manufacturers' market is held here every Wednesday afternoon, between the hours of three and five, and it is also the principal room in the town for the delivery of lectures, holding concerts, and other entertainments.

The Market-house,

opened on the 28th January, 1848, is an elegant structure, in the Italian palazzo style, and though it cannot now be said to be "unequalled by any other Market-house in the county," it is a great ornament to the town, and, as far as it extends, a boon to the inhabitants. But it is obviously too small for the requirements of such a large population as that of Blackburn, and a larger covered area is a desideratum. The size of the building is 180 feet long by 109 feet wide. The roof is divided into three spans, supported by the walls and two rows of iron columns.



BLACKBURN PARISH CHURCH.



BLACKBURN TOWN HALL.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATION

There are eight arched doors for entrance—three at each end and one on each side; and arched cellars extend under one half of the area of the Market-house, for goods and market stuff to be placed out of the way. The tower, or campanile, is 18 feet square, and rises 72 feet from the ground. This tower stands upon four pillars, with arches 12 feet wide, giving entrance to the central door of the Market-house, and contains a large illuminated clock, with four dials, attached to which are a time-ball and gun in connection with the Royal Observatory at Greenwich. The cost of the building was £8,000. There are two markets held in each week—one on Wednesday and the other on Saturday—which are abundantly supplied with produce of every kind, large quantities of which are carried away to Darwen, Accrington, and other neighbouring places.

Free Library and Museum.

The next public building which demands the attention of the stranger is the Free Library and Museum, situate in Library street, near the Town Hall and Exchange. The corner-stone of this building was laid on the 18th July, 1872, and the edifice was opened by an Art and Industrial Exhibition on the 11th June, 1874. It is built of stone, in the mediæval Gothic style, with imposing frontages to Library Street and Richmond Terrace. Under seven of the first floor windows on the two chief fronts are panels, each ten feet long and four feet high, finished with sculpture by Mr. Seale, of London. Of the three panels on the entrance front, the centre group of sculpture represents Literature, the left group, Art, and the right group, Science. On the Richmond Terrace façade, the first panel

of sculpture represents Agriculture, the second, Iron Manufactures, the third, Cotton Manufactures, and the fourth Commerce. A spacious vestibule leads to the hall and staircase, lighted from the top by a lantern light. On the right of the entrance-hall is the Lending Library and Librarian's Room, and on the left is the Reading Room and Reference Library, with seats and tables in polished oak for 80 readers. Two Students' Rooms are on the west end of the Reference Library. The lending counter is placed opposite the entrance to the hall, which it commands, and communicates with both Libraries. The Libraries are designed to hold 60,000 volumes, reckoning 14 volumes to each superficial foot of book space; at present they contain over 25,000 volumes. The whole of the first floor is designed for Museum purposes. The Museum contains an interesting collection of miscellaneous objects, amongst which there is a valuable collection of fossils, illustrative of the geology of the district and its surroundings; there are also a series of minerals, specimens of British birds, pottery, sculpture, &c. This department having only been recently formed, additions are made whenever suitable objects can be obtained. The cost of the building, including the internal fittings, was about £12,000. It is supported by a trifling rate on the assessment of the borough. Books are lent to residents in the borough on the guarantee of two ratepayers on a form provided. Both the Reference and Lending Libraries are open daily from 10 a.m. to 9 p.m., except on Thursday afternoons, when they are closed at 1 o'clock. The Museum is open from 10 till dusk, but it is closed at 1 o'clock every Thursday.

The Blackburn and East Lancashire Infirmary

occupies an elevated position at the southern extremity of the town. The site measures eight acres in extent. The corner-stone was laid with masonic formalities in May, 1858, and the entire cost of the building and site was about £25,000. This eminently useful institution is entirely supported by voluntary contributions.

The Public Baths,

on a site adjoining St. Peter's churchyard, were provided by the Corporation, at an expenditure of £3,500, and were opened July 11th, 1868. The building is of brick, with stone dressings. The internal arrangements include a large swimming bath, 60ft. by 33ft., and 40 private baths for both sexes, for the use of which a small fee is charged.

Places of Amusement.

The necessity for relaxation and amusement is duly recognised and amply provided for in the town. In addition to the concerts, &c., held in the Exchange Hall during the season by travelling companies, the *Theatre Royal*, situate in Ainsworth Street, capable of accommodating about 1,200 persons, is open a great portion of the year; and the *New Prince's Theatre*, in Jubilee Street, near the Railway Station, of still greater capacity, though originally constructed for and opened as an Amphitheatre, is now licensed for the performance of stage plays; while for lovers of a more versatile character of entertainment than is usually furnished at the Theatres, the *Alhambra Palace*, in Market Street Lane, is a building admirably adapted for their comfort and convenience. Near the Rifle Volunteer Barracks, in Canterbury Street, is that

healthy and pleasurable resort, the *Skating Rink*, a capacious building, well patronised all the year round.

The Corporation Park.

This favourite promenade is, in respect of situation, extent, and beauty, one of the most, if not *the* most, delightful in the whole county. It is essentially a people's park, bought with their money, administered for them by the Corporation, and in great part made by their hands, and comprises an enclosure of over 50 acres, having its principal entrance in Preston New Road. Situated on a hill-side, few places could have been better adapted for a public park. It was opened on the 22nd October, 1857; but it was by no means so grand a park as we now see it before the ever-memorable cotton famine came, when Blackburn, like other cotton towns, was sorely beset to find employment for her people. Skilful administrators, however, set them to work at the Park. Hills and valleys were made, trees planted, and gravel walks twisted in every conceivable direction, not a little to the astonishment of those who doubted the weavers' capacity for hard out-of-door work. In the centre are two large sheets of water, stocked with fowl of various kinds, and on the highest part is a stone battery, surmounted by two Russian guns. It is finely wooded with trees, some of them having stood the winters and summers of a century, under the umbrageous shadows of which the artizan may rest after his daily labour is at an end, or when he has an hour to spare; and there he and his wife and family may imbibe a freer and purer atmosphere than is to be obtained in the crowded streets and pent-up alleys of the town.

There is a large and handsome fountain at the entrance, the gift of William Pilkington, Esq., who also presented two other fountains. The fourth fountain, an engraving of which forms the tail-piece of this chapter, was the gift of the late Mr. Alderman Dean, of Blackburn. An elegant band-stand, which cost the Corporation upwards of £300, occupies an appropriate position in the centre of one of the large grass-plots. It was completed and used for the first time in the summer of 1880. The cost of the laying-out of the Park up to the day of opening was nearly £15,000.

Streets, Banks, &c.

We will not attempt to give a particular description of the topography of Blackburn. The town is irregularly built, and the streets, with one or two exceptions, are rather narrow. The best streets are King-William Street, Darwen Street, King Street, Church Street, Victoria Street, and Northgate. The new *Post Office*, opened in July, 1880, is in Lord Street, nearly opposite the south side of the Market Place. The *Postal Telegraph Office*, which was formerly in a separate building, apart from the Post Office, is now conveniently placed under the same roof as the Post Office. The *County Court* is in Victoria Street, opposite the Police Station; and next to it is a handsome building, erected by the Corporation for municipal purposes. The principal *Banks* are Messrs. Cunliffes, Brooks, and Co.'s in Church Street, a heavy ashlar stone building; the Manchester and County Bank, in King William Street; the District Bank, near the Town Hall; and the Lancashire and Yorkshire Bank, in Church Street. The Savings' Bank is in Lord Street West, and has some architectural pretensions,

The Scenery Around Blackburn.

Few inland towns can boast such ample and varied views as are to be surveyed from one or other of the delightful eminences which skirt the town of Blackburn. As a rule, manufacturing towns are not the most pleasantly situated, being usually found in a flat district, possessing little to attract the eye or charm the senses of the beholder. But with Blackburn it is far otherwise; and although the centre of the town itself is low and monotonous, a very short walk—through the Park, if you like—will soon bring to view, on a clear day, a sweep of as magnificent a panorama of diversified scenery as can be well conceived.

Perhaps the best vantage ground to be obtained for this purpose is the summit of Revidge, near the Corporation Park Hotel. A little to the west of the hotel, on Revidge Road, stands an upright stone firmly embraced by the wall, having the following inscription cut on its surface—

MOUNT PLEASANT,

REVIDGE.

The Road at this place was made by removing the rock during the distress in 1826-7.

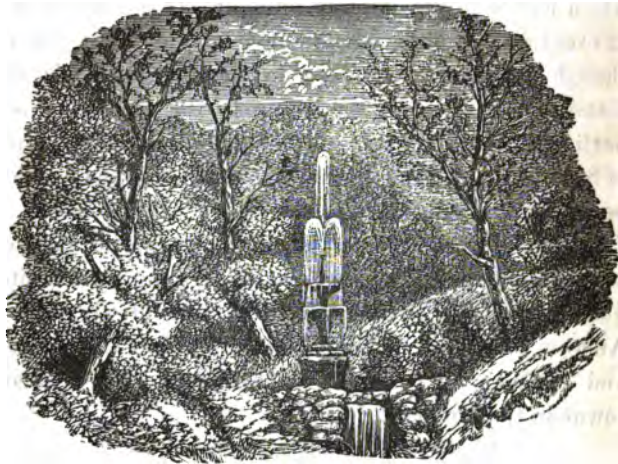
At this period great distress prevailed among the working-classes, during which they were employed to cut the road, which was a very arduous undertaking, on account of the immense quantities of rock which had to be removed. The cost was defrayed by subscriptions from a number of tradesmen and others in the town, supplemented by a grant of £500 from the Government. This road is 752 feet above the level of the sea, and from the point indicated by the upright stone, a most extensive prospect of the surrounding country is to be obtained. In whichever direction

the eye may be turned, it is certain to meet, on a clear day, with a far-spreading picture of surpassing interest. Immediately below reposes the Park, its beautiful well-kept walks among the trees, and charming lakes, animated with various kinds of waterfowl, showing to great advantage; while beyond, to the right, are a few miles of verdant landscape, bearing on its broad bosom every constituent of rural beauty. In front, and to the left, besides several little hamlets, the towns of Darwen, Accrington, Burnley, and the Hambleton Hills, all come within the picture, and form a grand panorama. Turning round, a glorious view is to be obtained, embracing Southport, Lytham, Blackpool, Fleetwood, Piel Castle, Barrow-in-Furness, and, stretching to the margin of the far-off horizon, the Irish Sea, glittering like a mirror in the dazzling sunlight. If the sky be clear at eventide, the lofty island range of old Mona, far off though it be, may be seen in the blue and mist-like distance. A sweep of the vision to the right reveals a portion of the lovely vale of the Ribble, the splendid pile of Stonyhurst, and the grey keep of Clitheroe Castle; while beyond, in piled magnificence, the mountain peaks of Ingleborough, Penyghent, and "cloud-capped Pendle," are strongly marked against the sky, and by their united glories constitute a background, if not entirely Alpine, Andean, or Himalayan in character, at least magnificent and commanding to a degree surpassed by few inland towns in the kingdom.

Here stretch the ample prospects wide,
The sea, the mountains, vales appear;
The tempting walk, the grateful ride,
Invite through all the changing year.

These are simply the more striking outlines of the

scene; but there are minor beauties not less worthy of notice, since they comprise all the choice features peculiar to English scenery. Valleys verdant and of wide extent; pasturing flocks and herds; woodlands sheltering the happy homesteads of our sturdy yeoman race, and clothing with leafy beauties the receding hill-sides. Again the scene is varied by those vast tracts of level plains, the Lancashire Fyldes, appropriated to husbandry, and bearing rich harvests and crops in becoming time, which bend their bountiful produce in silent praise to the Almighty Giver of all good.



Wilpshire.

If towns and crowds invite,
And noise and folly promise high delight,
Soon the tired soul disgusted turns from these,—
The rural prospect only long can please.



At a distance of three miles from Blackburn is the quiet, pleasant suburb of Wilpshire, having a station on the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway, and possessing one or two objects of interest. This is the nearest station to Ribchester, an ancient village three-and-a-half miles distant, about which we shall have more to say further on.

Wilpshire is not a place where the visitor need spend much time: it has fewer objects of attraction than any other place on our route. No doubt its distance from the Ribble has prevented it from sharing the fame of some of its neighbours, and its proximity to Blackburn—if building operations continue to go on at the present rate in its direction—puts it in danger of being ultimately swallowed up by that apparently insatiable monster, whose

outstretched tentacles have recently felt their way in an opposite direction, and laid a firm hold upon the once insulated suburb of Livesey. However, there can be no doubt of the steady internal developement of Wilpshire, slow though it may be. Not long ago, the toll-house and a few cottages in the hollow were the only habitations visible; but now a constantly-increasing number of villas, and other residences, testifies to its growing popularity among the wealthier class, who are making it a haven of refuge from the busy town and its cares; for here the noisy hum of the mill, the weary "work, work, work," is stopped, and the smoke and soot and fog of the town are, in ten minutes, exchanged for the clear and wholesome atmosphere of the country.

Viewed from the railway, Wilpshire has a very inviting appearance. Many of its villas and cottages possess neat garden frontages, which in season are clothed with a profusion of rich plants and flowers, adding greatly to its other natural advantages. From its elevated position it commands extensive views of the surrounding country; and it also abounds in pleasant rambling-places, furnishing at every turn some unexpected beauty, some charming bit of landscape—such as that which tempted the pencil of our artist, reproduced in the tailpiece to this chapter,—and presents a choice of several roads by which the tourist may walk, ride, or drive with pleasure, for each will supply a rich repast of nature's bounties. Should he be making his way on a pedestrian tour to Whalley or Clitheroe, he will find the highway through Wilpshire and Langho full of interest; while if he choose the road which leads him to Ribchester—though partaking largely of the character

of an ordinary English lane, between two hedges—he will often catch glimpses of scenery prolific of fertile peace-breathing valleys, quaint hamlets and churches, lonely glens, bleak brown moorlands, wild craggy fells, and storm-worn mountains.

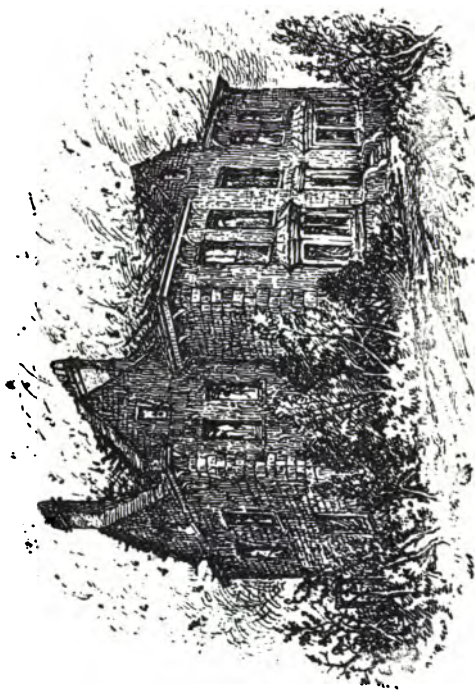
Clayton Grange.

The neighbourhood of Wilpshire will always be associated with a gloomy page in the history of Blackburn, for about half a mile from the railway station stood Clayton Grange, the residence of Colonel R. Raynsford Jackson, a manufacturer of Blackburn, who, during the memorable strike of 1878, had, as Chairman of the Masters' Central Committee, become especially obnoxious to the operatives of the town, and in consequence was marked as the object of their particular vengeance. The manner in which this vengeance was wreaked is fresh in the memory of almost every one in the county; but it may not be deemed out of place to recapitulate briefly some of the incidents as recorded in the newspapers at the time.

The strike, which began on the 17th April, 1878, was against a reduction in wages of ten per cent. combined with full working hours. The operatives, believing that lessened production was the best way to meet the depression caused in part by the glutted state of the markets, were willing to accept this reduction if the working hours were limited to four days per week; or a reduction of five per cent. if limited to five days a week; and a proposition to this effect was submitted to the masters at a meeting held at Manchester, under the presidency of Colonel

Jackson, on the 14th of May, 1878. But this, and two other propositions emanating from the operatives' delegates, was rejected by the Masters' Committee, who were firm in their resolution to adhere to the determination previously arrived at, to reduce wages ten per cent. without any reduction in the working hours. The delegates, after expressing themselves in terms of great disappointment at the utter failure of the negotiations, stated that they had gone as far as they could in the way of conciliation and settlement, and that after the rejection of all their offers they were afraid that the strong feeling which had been pent up since the commencement of the strike, and which they said had required all their influence to keep down in the various districts, would break out in the form of riotous conduct. Their fears were too well grounded; for when the news arrived that the masters would not alter their original decision, the chagrin of the operatives led to their passions being aroused, and threats that they would resort to violence were heard from many mouths. Crowds soon collected in the streets, and manifested signs of exasperation at the masters for their unyielding determination. A large organized mob, armed with sticks and stones, immediately set out, and after demolishing the windows of most of the mills in the town, and committing other outrages upon the property of manufacturers and others, marched towards Clayton Grange, yelling, hooting, and singing snatches of songs. The military were sent for from Preston by the Mayor of Blackburn, but before their arrival the rioters had completed their most destructive act, which was the setting fire to Clayton Grange, the residence of Colonel Jackson.





THE BURNING OF CLAYTON GRANGE.

This fine mansion—one of the best-appointed and most elegant of the country seats in the neighbourhood, and which stood in extensive ornamental grounds near to the high road between Blackburn and Ribchester—was reduced in the short space of an hour or two to a mass of smoking ruins. As shown in our illustration, from a sketch taken on the spot, little more than the outer walls was left standing.

It will be readily understood that Colonel Jackson would have been in some measure forwarned by the interview at Manchester of the possible consequences of the attitude taken by the masters, so he was about preparing to send his own family away next day, in order to remove them from any possibility of harm. He had not time, however, to carry out this intention before he was informed by Mrs. Jackson (who had been out in the carriage on a visit and drove hurriedly up) that as they had driven through Blackburn they had heard that the mob were on their way to Clayton Grange, and as she imparted this intelligence to her husband, their yells could be distinctly heard. The Colonel immediately directed his family to take their seats in the carriage, and ordered the coachman to drive to Lovely Hall, about a quarter of a mile distant. They had barely time to get clear when the mob came up and surrounded the house, shouting frantically and proceeding at once to smash the windows and force the doors. Completely overrunning the whole of the grounds, one detachment commenced to fire an adjacent haystack, whilst another, making their way into the mansion, destroyed whatever property lay at hand, and with no regard to its character or value. From acts of violence such as

these, they quickly proceeded to others still more lawless. Gas not being "laid on" in this district, a quantity of petroleum was kept at hand in an outhouse. This the mob carried into the house, and after besmearing the walls and broken furniture with it, set fire to it, and quickly the whole building was enveloped in flames. The police were of course utterly powerless to cope with such a multitude of ruffians; the few who were present could do nothing but stand by and see the work of destruction carried out. As soon as the rioters saw that the flames had got fairly hold they decamped, and in a very short time hardly a score of persons were to be found where, not half an hour before, were to be seen thousands. The contents of the mansion were of a most varied and valuable character. Besides many costly pictures and works of art, the library comprised a large number of valuable works, which had taken the owner many years to collect.

To complete the history of this outrage, it should be stated that fifteen of the ringleaders were ultimately arrested, and placed upon their trial at the Lancaster Assises, held on the 8th July following, before the late Lord Chief Justice Cockburn, when nine were found guilty, and sentenced to various terms of imprisonment—viz., two to fifteen years' penal servitude each, one to ten years' penal servitude, three others to seven years' penal servitude each, another to five years' penal servitude, and two to eighteen and twelve months' imprisonment respectively.

Clayton Grange is now rebuilt, but the architectural features of the mansion previous to its destruction are not reproduced in the new building. Its form is square,

and not recessed as before. Our illustration shows it exactly as it stood after the fire had nearly gutted it.

Salesbury Church.—Lovely Hall.

Near to Clayton Grange, and on the road to Ribchester, stands Salesbury Church, of small pretensions and little beauty, built about 1806. The National School, opposite, was built in 1850. A little further on, past the Church, is Lovely Hall, the seat of Major Starkie, bearing the date 1655, and containing some antique furniture and stained glass.



Ribchester.

It stood embosomed in a happy valley,
Crown'd by high woodlands, where the Druid oak
Stood like Caractacus in act to rally
His host, with broad arms 'gainst the thunder stroke.

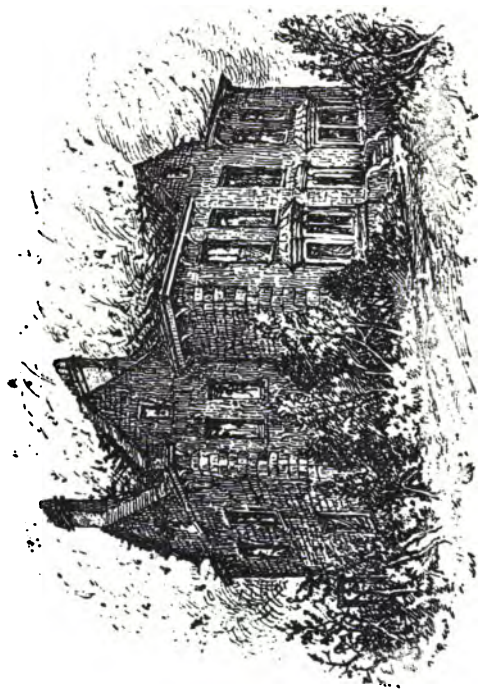


WALK of about three miles and a half from Wilpshire station brings us to Ribchester bridge. No lover of river scenery will pass over this bridge without stopping to admire the delightful scene which here presents itself on both sides. The dark waters of the Ribble, and the overhanging trees on its woody banks, forcibly remind the spectator who has had the pleasure of a ramble by its rival—the Lune, of the famous “Crook of Lune,” which Queen Elizabeth eulogized in one of her royal progresses. Crossing the bridge, and turning to the left, we come to the village, which has nothing in appearance uncommon to many other villages. It has, however, a history stretching beyond that of the majority of English towns; and though

poor and insignificant now, it was once a place of considerable magnitude and wealth, and a most important Roman station. Its character as a Roman town has long been established, and the numerous remains which have from time to time been discovered, and which are now scattered up and down the country, are of a highly interesting nature. To enumerate and describe them would occupy much space, and might weary the general reader. They consist principally of altars, dedicated to the various heathen deities, statues, capitals, marbles; gold, silver, and copper coins, inscriptions, &c. There is, however, one recently-discovered relic of the Roman occupation at Ribchester which may be seen in the Museum attached to the Blackburn Free Library, that calls for a short notice. It consists of a monumental sculptured slab, five feet in height and two feet six inches in width, taken out of the Ribble on the 8th April, 1876. The spot of the discovery is on the Clayton side of the river, nearly opposite Ribchester, but a little higher up the stream. There the river makes a sharp curve against a high bank of boulder-clay on the Blackburn side of the valley, and the force of the current in time of flood has caused continual falls of the bank, one of which happened a few days before the slab was seen, when a mass of the bank about four yards wide was submerged. The subject of the sculpture, which is nearly perfect, is a Roman horseman plunging his spear into the body of a fallen enemy. Its purpose was that of a sepulchral monument to some officer of the Roman garrison at Ribchester. The material is a fine sandstone, such as is got from the Longridge quarries. There is no inscription upon the slab, but it may be

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of the twelfth century, which will make it over seven hundred years old.

Before taking his departure from this venerable structure, the visitor should walk round and examine the trunk of ivy growing on the north side of the Church, and covering with its luxuriant branches nearly the whole of the west end. From its extraordinary thickness it must have weathered the storms of ages. A similar trunk at the east end, the branches of which had worked their way into the Church, forming rich festoons over the site of the ancient altar, was cut down a few years ago, and the intruding branches were removed ; but the old plant still lives, and may yet be seen clinging closely to the rafters of the sacred fane, seeming to defy all ordinary efforts to eradicate it.

Oh ! a dainty plant is the Ivy green,
 That creepeth o'er ruins old !
 Of right choice food are his meals I ween,
 In his cell so lone and cold.
 The walls must be crumbled, the stones decay'd,
 To pleasure his dainty whim ;
 And the mould'ring dust that years have made
 Is a merry meal for him.
 Creeping where no life is seen,
 A rare old plant is the Ivy green.

.

Whole ages have fled and their works decay'd,
 And nations scatter'd been ;
 But the stout old Ivy shall never fade
 From its hale and hearty green.
 The brave old plant in its lonely days
 Shall fatten upon the past ;
 For the stateliest building man can raise
 Is the Ivy's food at last.
 Creeping where no life is seen,
 A rare old plant is the Ivy green.

Fly-Fishing in the Ribble at Ribchester.

Hitherto we have considered Ribchester from an antiquarian point of view, without reference to an important—perhaps to lovers of the “gentle craft” the all-important—feature of this “happy valley,”—its excellent fishing station.

The Ribble, as every one knows, even if he be no fisherman, affords excellent sport to the angler; and the size and quality of its fish are not to be surpassed by any other river in Lancashire. Rising on the Yorkshire moors, in the Craven district, after passing through forty miles of that county it enters Lancashire at Clitheroe, receiving the Hodder and West Calder on its way before reaching Ribchester, and pursuing its course through a vale of great fertility and beauty, discharges itself into the sea by a broad sandy outlet below Preston. Such a noble stream could hardly fail to contain a great variety of fish and fishing stations, and not the least important of these stations is Ribchester.

The De Tabley Arms, kept by Mr. J. Rawcliffe, is close to the river, and is justly described as one of the most comfortable and best-appointed hotels in the valley of the Ribble. At this inn permission is given to fish.

The river is famous for its fine salmon, and many parts of it abound with trout, chub, dace, gudgeon, and eels. The fishing season for trout commences in April and ends in September; and for salmon from July to the end of October. The flies used for salmon vary according to the fancy of the angler; but he will find the plain turkey wing fly very effectual about here; while for trout, the black gnat, drake black, woodcock black, March brown, snipe

grey, dun blue, moorgame brown, and cock-a-bonddau, are all excellent flies, with any one of which, on a cloudy day, with a southern wind, the angler may return to the inn with a good basket of fish, and we doubt not will find frequent opportunities of visiting again and again, with increased pleasure and profit, the fishing station at Ribchester.

Salesbury Hall.

We have seen that Ribchester bridge is about three miles and a half from Wilpshire station. Supposing that after having viewed the ancient church at Styd, and lingered for awhile about the "old city" of Ribchester, the visitor should feel desirous of again reaching the railway station, either for the purpose of returning home or proceeding to Whalley, his best plan would be to make for Langho station, about four miles from Ribchester bridge. This is a nice walk, and it furnishes an object the most picturesque for the delectation of the traveller.

Keep the Ribble on the left hand, and proceed up the lane above the south bank of the river. A little way on it will be observed the lane diverges considerably from the course of the stream till we reach Salesbury Hall, lying under shelter of a hill to the north. There is nothing now about the house to arrest attention. The ancient residence of the Salesburys, the Cliderows, the Talbots, and the Warrens, the successive lords of Salesbury, is entirely demolished, and a modern brick erection is substituted upon the site of the old hall. If there is anything about the place calculated to impress the thoughtful traveller it is this, that among all the changes that are continually taking place in this changeable world of ours, there is not one perhaps so striking as the change in the manner of

constructing our dwellings. At one period—a period happily for ever vanished—so little were those feelings cultivated which bind man to his fellows, that every gentleman's house was literally his castle. Walls almost as huge and as solid as the rock from which the materials were hewn, could alone afford to their possessor any prospect of security. These halls, though often built without any regard to the rules of architecture, had still something imposing about them. It was there that the principal personage in the district dwelt, to whom every complaint was preferred. It was thither that the swarthy labourer repaired on Christmas-eve, to get his "skin full," as he termed it, and receive his donation of beef and plum pudding. It was in the largest apartment, by way of eminence styled the *hall*, that the tenantry annually assembled on Lady-day, with their cash in their pockets and self-importance in their faces, to pay their rent, share the roasted surloin, and swig the oft-replenished tankard of brown October. These massive and irregular edifices—the scenes of many a festive meeting—the soil where genuine John Bullism once flourished in all its glory—are rapidly disappearing from the country. Some, through neglect, are sunk in ruins; a few are retained as mere outbuildings to modern farm-houses; while others, such as Dinckley Hall, Hacking Hall, Winckley Hall, Waddington Hall, Bashall Hall, Buckley Hall, and others in the valley of the Ribble, are let at moderate rentals to some of our sturdy yeoman race.

But if the old hall has disappeared, one relic of antiquity yet remains upon the spot to connect the past with the present. The noble old ash tree in front of the house,

which, with its outstretched arms, seems constantly to protest against the outrage done to the companion of its youth, continues to offer the friendly shade it was wont to bestow a hundred years ago. It has not, certainly, seen many changes within its own narrow circuit, but with Tennyson's "Talking Oak," it might doubtless say,—

And I have shadow'd many a group
Of beauties that were born
In tea-cup times of hood and hoop,
Or when the patch was worn.

A fine piece of sculpture, found at Ribchester, was built up in one of the walls of Salesbury old Hall. It is an altar, dedicated to Apollo. On one side the deity is represented as elegantly leaning on one elbow, with a quiver on his back, a lyre in his hand, and a loose mantle flowing gracefully behind him. On the other front appear two of his priests, attired in long robes, with the head of a bull between them ready to be sacrificed. It has been conjectured that this was a votive altar, erected either to acknowledge or obtain a safe voyage to the port of Ribchester. This fine piece of Roman antiquity, Dr. Whitaker, by favour of Lord Bulkeley—the then owner of Salesbury—was allowed to detach from the wall in the year 1814, and it is now lodged in St. John's College, Cambridge.

Sale Wheel.

Close to Salesbury Hall—the view above which is both romantic and charming—the Ribble appears again in sight, bursting from its confined channel between two rocks beautifully wooded with trees. Its waters gush with impetuosity through a narrow strait, and form a deep whirlpool, denominated Sale Wheel. Above, the banks

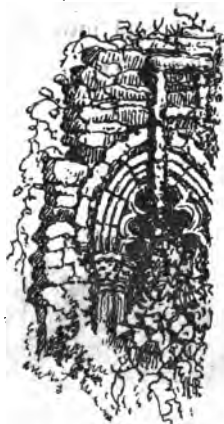
are high and confined, the country rising and wooded, the distance being terminated by bold mountain scenery. We have now reached a part of our river where the scenic display is of the loveliest and most rememberable character. The scenery of the Ribble has here attained its highest in the scale of beauty. Other places there are along its banks which are visited oftener and with more interest, but they owe much of their charm to the associations connected with them, or the edifices that adorn them, while this has little beside its natural beauty to depend on.

Leaving Sale Wheel, and resuming our journey along the road, we shortly arrive at a public-house on our left, called the "Tanners' Arms," past which, a further walk of about two miles, brings us to the railway station at Langho. There is also a very enjoyable walk through the wood on the right hand as we look at Sale Wheel, and into the fields by the river-side, leading to Dinckley Ferry.



Whalley.

And the Ivy sheen, with its mantle of green,
 That wrapt thy walls around,
 Shone lovely bright in that glorious light,
 And I felt 'twas holy ground.
 Then I thought of the ancient time,
 The days of the Monks of old,
 When to Matin and Vesper, and Compline chime,
 The loud Hosanna roll'd,
 And thy courts and 'long-drawn aisles' among,
 Swell'd the full tide of sacred song.



PERHAPS the most pleasing excursion within easy distance of Blackburn is to Whalley, where stand the remains of a once famous Abbey, and where exists an ancient and most interesting Church.

Whalley is beautifully situated on the banks of the Calder, one of the tributaries of the Ribble, six-and-a-half miles north-east of Blackburn.

It is not a populous place in itself, but the parish is about the most extensive in Lancashire, and includes 49 townships, with over 100,000 acres of land and some 150,000 inhabitants. The village, which is lighted with gas from the works of S. Longworth & Sons,

consists principally of one long paved street, in which are some very comfortable inns, a number of substantial stone-built houses, a Wesleyan Methodist Chapel, erected in 1874, and a National School, built in 1844; there are also several manufactories close by. Ah, yes, the fear expressed by that learned, acute, but somewhat prejudiced writer, the late historian of Whalley, has to a great extent been realised. "A new principle is now introduced which threatens gradually to absorb the whole property of the district within its own vortex. I mean the principle of manufactures, aided by the discoveries lately made in the two dangerous (!) sciences of Chemistry and Mechanics. The operation of this principle is accompanied with another effect, of which it is impossible to speak but in the language of sorrow and indignation. In great manufactories, human corruption, accumulated in large masses, seems to undergo a kind of fermentation, which sublimates it to a degree of malignity not to be exceeded out of hell." The property has changed hands; socially, the change is, we should say for the better, for we cannot entirely agree with the unqualified terms in which the historian condemns manufactures; at the same time we must all have been too often painfully struck with the devastation which "the principle of manufactures" has committed on many of the venerable and picturesque spots in this district, not to lament the good old days when neither steam, nor smoke, nor tall chimneys, nor "unwashed artificers" defiled the beauties of nature. As it is, however, one finds it almost an impossibility to escape from the unsightly objects which manufacturers have planted alike in the lowest dell and on the loftiest mountain of the country. Dr. Whitaker,

himself, nevertheless, seems to admit that the picture has its lights. As an instance of the inconvenience arising from the dispersion of society, he speaks of a blacksmith having been called in to bleed a duchess. There is no fear that so lamentable an event should take place in any part of Lancashire in these days. But it does seem a pity that manufactories should have been allowed to disfigure the fair features of this beautiful vale, when so many less pleasing sites could have been easily obtained. However, this is a practical age; and it is our business to describe things as they are, not as they should be.

The chief feature of attraction at Whalley is its ruined abbey, which, like most other of these retreats, once stood in a lonely and sequestered spot, when the surrounding valley heard only the matin and vesper bell of the monks, the bleating of the flocks and the lowing of the herds in their peaceful pastures, but is now surrounded by houses, factories, and a whirring railway, from which latter a good general view of the ruins is to be obtained.

The site appears to have been well chosen, for its secluded privacy particularly adapted it to the austerities of monastic life, and the spot was such as to prove highly favourable to the solemn melancholy of an existence estranged from the contaminating world. Exception has been taken to the selfishness exhibited by the ancient monks in the selection of sites whereon to build their religious houses; but on this head the observations of Dr. Spencer Hall are not without interest. He says.—

It has long been a maxim with me not to believe all that the enemies of persons, sects, parties, any more than of nations, say against them, without first taking as calm a look as possible at the other side. Hence, whenever I hear it sneeringly said of the old

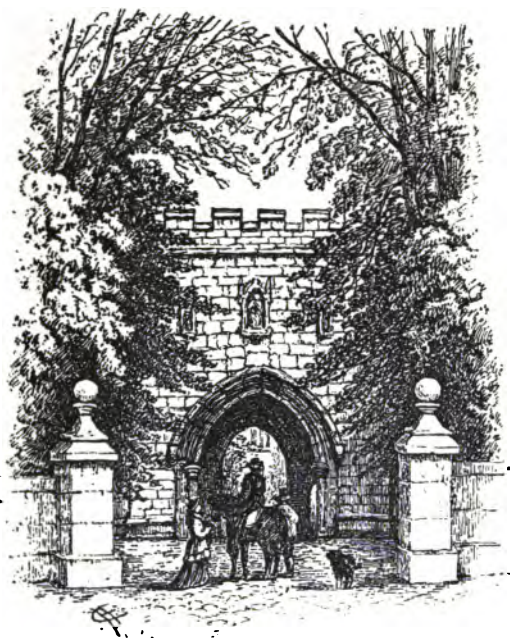
monks that they shewed selfishness and love of luxury for its own sake in the choice of retired and beautiful spots for the sites of their own houses, I always hypothetically take a view of the possible condition of those spots before, and of any kindly reasons for their settling there. I dare say they make a cosy sort of home, even now, in that lofty Alpine cleft of St. Bernard; but what would it be without them? War, and warlike defence, nearly always in old England sought the craggy hill; humility and love of abstract meditation just as naturally sought the vale, whereto all sorts of people might have easy access for sharing the devotions, instruction, hospitality, and solace there, apart from the ostentatiousness of feudal power and love of battle. But the early monks must often have found the places of their retreat rough enough at starting.

. . So possibly of Whalley as a retreat in foul times from feudal animosity, tyranny, and riot. An oft-flooded and marshy meadow it must once have been. It is clear the desert must have been much redeemed by industry ere it could blossom as the rose, notwithstanding it was called *Locus Benedictus*, in contrast to the wretched place they relinquished for it. The passing Calder, no doubt, afforded a good fry of fish in Lent, and a contribution of venison from the proximate forest might occasionally reach them at other times; but it could not have become the luxuriant and luxurious scene of later time without much patience and labour first. Could any one really think it was made even what we see it not without the axe, spade, and fork having been most assiduously and regularly plied?

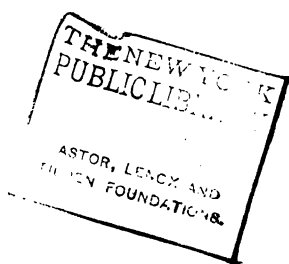
Historical Sketch of the Abbey.

The parent house of Whalley was Stanlaw Abbey, in Cheshire, founded by John, Constable of Chester, on the eve of his pilgrimage to the Holy Land, in 1178. It was of the Cistercian order, its site being near the confluence of the Gowy and the Mersey, in one of the most miserable and sterile parts of Cheshire. For nearly half a century after its foundation nothing is recorded of the progress of the monastery, but later on we hear that it grew rich at the expense of the De Lacies, and other wealthy families, who added to the original endowment. The advowsons of the churches of Rochdale, Blackburn, Eccles, and Whalley, with extensive lands in the two counties of Cheshire and Lancashire, in time became annexed to their possessions,

The monks were beginning to grow rich, and at the same time dissatisfied with their dreary abode at Stanlaw, and they longed for a translation to a more congenial site. Moreover, in 1279 the sea broke in upon them, did great damage to the abbey, and washed away the bridge leading from Stanlaw to Chester, thereby interrupting their communication. In 1287 the great tower of the church was blown down, and two years later both fire and flood nearly destroyed the edifice. All these misfortunes tended to add to the disgust of the monks, and they determined to petition the Pope for permission to remove to Whalley. He acceded to their request, and in 1289 a bull was issued authorising their translation, and empowering them to appropriate the revenues of Whalley Church and its dependencies, on the condition of endowing a sufficient vicarage whenever the opportunity should be afforded by the resignation or death of the then incumbent. On the 20th January, 1294, Peter de Cestria, the last secular rector of Whalley, died; some delays took place, but on the festival of St. Ambrose, April 4th, 1296, Gregory de Northbury, eighth abbot of Stanlaw, and his monks, only twenty-four in number, took possession of Whalley. The foundation-stone of the new abbey was laid on the 12th June, 1296, by Henry de Lacy, Earl of Lincoln; and on the 28th April, 1306, a great part of the abbey and the whole precincts were consecrated. Additions were being made to the buildings for upwards of 150 years afterwards. The original cost of the monastery amounted to £3,000, at the time when the wages of an artizan were only twopence a day, and when a great part of the timber used in the erection was obtained from the neighbouring woods, the



NORTH-EASTERN GATEWAY, WHALLEY ABBEY.



other important building materials being also at hand in the stone quarries at Read and Simonstone.

The building, according to the original plan, appears to have been finished by abbot Eccles, 142 years after its foundation. The reason of the slow progress of the building seems to have been that the monks, whose hospitality was unbounded, were never very rich and seldom out of debt. Notwithstanding the strictest household economy, the hospitalities of the convent, situated on the great route of pilgrims from the north to the shrines of Pilgrim Cross, Thomas à Becket, our Lady of Walsingham, and other holy places in the south, were very heavily taxed. Then the money payments in pensions, alms to the poor, the maintenance of some of their novices at the universities, and the like, were a constant drain upon the conventual funds. Nor were the largesses, or donations, inconsiderable which its superiors bestowed. Strange, yet characteristic of the times, showing who had the upper hand then,—the nobility and gentry of the county received pensions from the monks! Some curious facts are preserved in accounts of the receipts and disbursements of the establishment. Under the head “de donis” [given away] occur the names of many of the chief families of the county as recipients, and an ancestor of the Stanleys—Lord Stanley—stands convicted of having accepted the sum of £6 13s. 4d. And, curious to note, just before is a record stating how that 4s. had been given to four friars. Yes, the lord's influence at the court in London was worth far more than that of even four friars in the court of heaven! Plenty of good venison does it appear they eat, since the forests in general were theirs at a period when a large part of the

country was nothing but forest. Evidences also appear in these accounts of the gradual relaxation of discipline. Travelling was a great luxury with the monks; and the last abbot, Paslew, seems to have spent a deal of his time in it. At the period of its greatest prosperity, the mean consumption of the abbey in wine was eight pipes, or 960 gallons per annum, besides white wine; about a bottle a day to each monk! But tea and teetotalism were alike unknown in those days of highly-educated jollity. Then of malt 150 quarters were annually brewed. Nor was there any lack of other substantials, wheat 200 quarters. Merely for the abbot's table where slaughtered each year 75 oxen, 80 sheep, 40 calves, 20 lambs, and 4 porkers. For the refectory and inferior tables, 57 oxen, 40 sheep, 20 calves, and 10 lambs. The total number of mouths was 120, exclusive of visitors and poor persons who were daily partakers of the monks' hospitality. Certainly those mouths must have been well employed. Nor could so large a proportion of animal food have been anything but detrimental to health. Fasting would indeed be necessary from time to time, if only to gain an appetite. But health would require it in the case of men who fed so grossly, especially since cleanliness was not within the virtues recognised by the order; for, to quote Dr. Whitaker, "they had no sheets to their beds, nor shirts to their backs, but slept in their ordinary dresses of woollen," nor did they frequent the bath. "In us," he adds, "it would produce a strange mixture of feelings to be repelled from the conversation of a man of learning or elegance by stench and vermin."

Coming down to the year 1500: fifteen abbots had worn

the sacerdotal cope and carried the pastoral staff since the foundation of the monastery, and the sixteenth, William Rede, was soon to be called away to join his predecessors. At his death, which happened in 1506, John Paslew was chosen to supply his place. And an unfortunate thing it was for him, too. He ought never to have been abbot of Whalley or of any other abbey. Nature never intended him for such a position. He was too impetuous, too restless a man; besides he was in some respects a man of parsimonious habits, who in the prosperous days of his dominion had the character of a selfish and greedy priest, whose charity was less than that of his predecessor and his personal expenses double. Though of a wary and cautious bearing, he seemed fitted for daring enterprise, and evidently ruled with a rod of iron. He never could have had any of your "jolly fat friar" about him; none of that *bonhomie* we are accustomed to associate with one in his position; certainly not the abbot familiar to us in the jovial song of the "Monks of old":—

And the abbot meek, with his form so sleek,
 Was the heartiest of them all,
 And would take his place, with a smiling face,
 When refection bell should call;
 Then he'd sing and laugh, and the rich wine quaff,
 Till he shook the olden wall;
 And he laugh'd, ha! ha! and he quaff'd, ha! ha!
 Till he shook the olden wall.

He, however, made some additions to the abbey, and to him is ascribed the erection of the quadrangular building which the Assheton family, at the dissolution of the monastery, chose for their residence, and which was most likely, in monastic phrase, the abbot's lodgings. "The first twenty years of this abbot passed like those of his

predecessor, in the duties of his choir, in the exercise of hospitality, in attention to the extensive possessions of his house, or in the improvement of its buildings; but a storm was now approaching, before which either conscience or bigotry prevented him from bending, and which brought quick and premature destruction on him and his house."

**Dissolution of the Abbey.—Execution of
John Paslew and others.**

In March, 1534, Henry VIII. proceeded, with the consent of his Parliament, to substitute the royal supremacy over the Church of England for that of the Pope. This act was followed by the appointment of a Commission to make a visitation of all the religious houses in the kingdom, to report upon the pecuniary resources of these monastic establishments, and upon the modes of life and moral character of their inmates. The visitation was made in the year 1535, the visitors being Dr. Thomas Legh and Dr. Richard Layton. Upon the report of the Commission, an Act was passed suppressing the lesser monasteries, and providing for the reversion of their revenues to the Crown. All the monastic foundations in the county of Lancaster, with the exception of the three great abbeys of Whalley, Cockersand, and Furness, succumbed to this stroke of state. The measure led to the rebellion called the "Pilgrimage of Grace," organized and led by the greater northern monasteries. John Paslew, abbot of Whalley, was implicated in the rising, but his participation in the military operations was but slight. The "Pilgrimage of Grace" was quelled with little difficulty by the King's forces, and Paslew, seeing that further physical resistance was useless, returned to Whalley, and

by many a vain contrivance sought to avert the king's displeasure and his own doom. A relaxation of some measures more than ordinarily severe was attempted; and we find from existing records that a pension of ten marks per annum was granted to Thomas Cromwell, the King's Secretary,—whether by way of bribe or fee is not known. It shows, however, the humiliating and submissive circumstances to which the monks were now reduced. They were indeed fallen from that high estate when kings were their tributaries and empires too narrow for the wide grasp of their ambition. The following is a copy of Thomas Cromwell's indulgence, taken from the Towneley MSS. :—

To all estates due honour and reverence, and to all other commendacioun in our Lord everlasting. Know ye that we John, abbot of ye monasterie of our blessed Ladie of Whalley, in Com. Lanc. by assente and consente of ye convente have freely granted ye right honourable Mr. Tho. Cromwell, secretarie, general visitor and principal official to our most Sovereign Lord Kyng Hen. VIII, an annual rent or fee of vi: xiii: iv: yerele, to be paide at ye nativite of St. John Baptist untoe ye saide maister Thomas Cromwell. We ye saide abbot and convente have put to ye same our handes and common seale.

Yeven at Whalley, 1st Jan. 28 Hen. VIII.

But this was hardly good enough. There was a greater prize to be obtained, and Henry and his courtiers were determined to have it. Every act of submission, every stratagem and device failed to ward off the blow. Within ten weeks from the date of this document there was neither abbot nor abbey of Whalley. By the king's orders, a herald with a troop of horse was despatched to Whalley Abbey, where Paslew, Eastgate, Haydock, and some others were arrested, and sent to Lancaster to be tried for high treason, as were also William de Trafford, abbot of Salley,

lavatory. The groove of the pipe which conveyed the water is still conspicuous, as is also another for the reception of a wooden rail, on which the towels were hung. Beyond this court, to the east, was another quadrangular area, formed by the choir of the church on one side, the opposite side of the chapter-house on another, a line of ruinous buildings on the third, and a large distinct building on the fourth. The last building appears to have been the abbot's lodgings, for which reason, as being best adapted to the habits of an ordinary family, it immediately became the residence of the Asshetons; and after many alterations, and a demolition of its best apartments, particularly a gallery nearly 150 feet in length, has still several good and habitable rooms, and is now preserved with due care. The ancient kitchen, whence such hecatombs of flesh were served up, remains, though roofless, with two huge fire-places. On the southern side of this building is a small but very picturesque and beautiful ruin, mantled with ivy, which appears to have been a chapel, and was probably a small oratory,

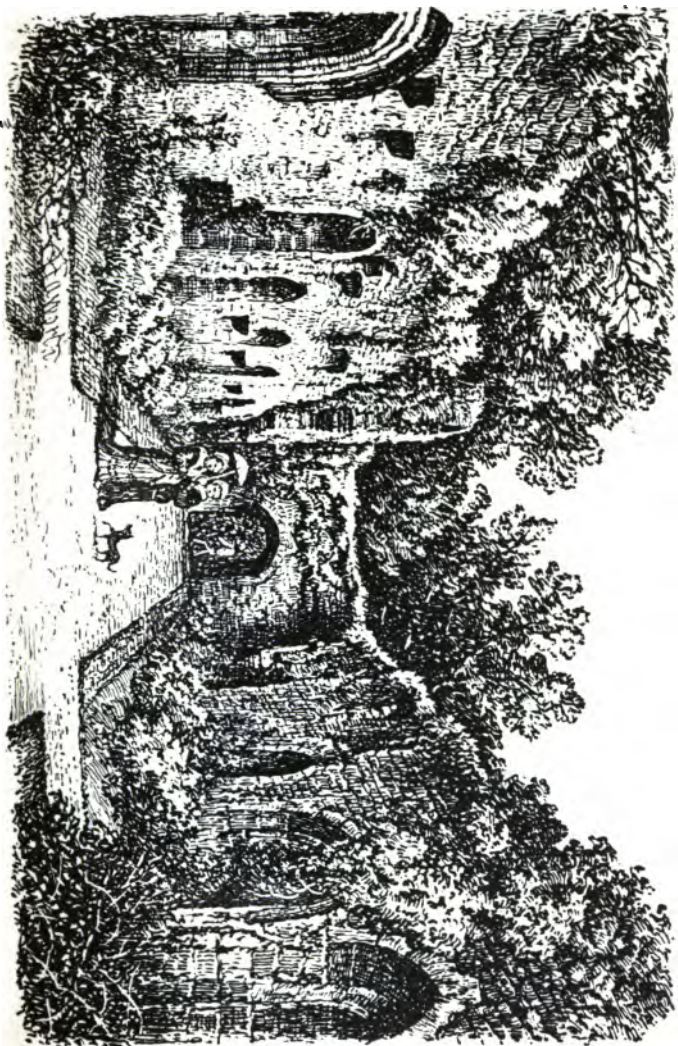
Where whilem

The sinful sought remission :

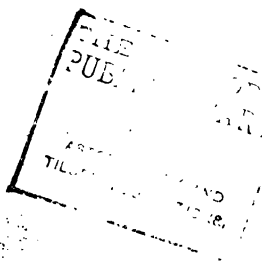
No longer through its aisle doth come

The plaint of lone contrition.

The conventual church, which exceeded many cathedrals in extent, has been levelled nearly to the foundation. This work of havoc was probably an effect of that general panic which seized the lay owners of abbeys on the attempt made by Queen Mary to restore the monks to their cloisters. However, it appears from the account books of Sir Ralph Assheton that a considerable part of the church, together with much of the cloister court,



THE SCRIPTORIUM, WHALLEY ABBEY.



remained above 120 years after the dissolution, when they were demolished, at considerable expense, and for no assignable cause, in 1661-2.

The civil fury of the time,
Made sport of sacrilegious crime ;
For dark Fanaticism rent
Altar, and screen, and ornament.

To compensate for this havoc, Sir Ralph, in 1667, fitted up the long gallery, which, in little more than a century, in its turn became a ruin, without the charms of antiquity.

In the south wall of the dormitory is a hollow space, almost from top to bottom, which has apparently had no opening but by a breach in the wall. It contains a narrow staircase, at the bottom of which is a small arched space on the level ground, just capable of containing a narrow bed, and at the top is a small opening through one of the external buttresses of the building, for air and light. Dr. Whitaker thinks that this was probably the "*teter et fortis carcer*" [the horrid and strong dungeon] for refractory monks, into which the *Liber Locci Benedicti* informs us that one of the fraternity was thrust for attempting to stab the abbot of Kirkstall, and which Mr. Harrison Ainsworth, in the "Lancashire Witches," has made the subject of one of his most thrilling chapters. The breach through the wall by which this singular excavation was entered is now wide enough to admit a man's body with some difficulty ; but as there is no appearance of a doorway, the probability is that the prisoner was walled up, and that a small aperture only was left to admit his provisions. Had he been intended to expire in his dungeon, no aperture would have been left for light or air,

The Abbey as it is.

To the ordinary visitor, very little more is open to view than the two gateways. At the north-eastern gateway is posted a notice which informs the stranger that the abbey grounds are closed, and that trespassers will be prosecuted. This notice had become necessary in consequence of the disorderly conduct of excursionists, whose intrusive explorations in the private apartments were a great deal more free than welcome. Special permission from the occupant of the house is now required before any one can inspect the interesting remains inside this gateway. Dr. Whitaker considered that this north-eastern gateway was built by the sixteenth abbot, William Rede, as the letter *r* occurs more than twenty times upon the masonry. Armed with the permission just mentioned, on passing within the enclosure we see opposite an old respectable-looking house. This was the abbot's own abode. It was renovated and inhabited by the Asshetons, as we have before seen. Passing on, we behold the remains of the chapter-house and vestry, with the three beautiful arches—the work of the industrious and painstaking old monks—and through the centre arch we enter the cloister court. Not a vestige of the church is now left; but by digging and close inspection the foundations of the parts which have perished and the whole close may be traced out. Though it exceeded many cathedrals in extent, and must have been a most imposing and magnificent pile, the Vandals of the seventeenth century did not leave one stone upon another, but actually put themselves to considerable expense in the demolition of this crowning effort of the patient and self-denying monks, who, let us remember, were strangers to

the jerry work of our day, and did not build for their generation alone—for it would be much too large for their demands—but had in view the requirements of a remote posterity. Looking around upon this scene of desecration and desolation, the words of the dramatist recur to our mind with more than ordinary effect:—

I do love these ancient ruins ;
We never tread upon them but we set
Our foot upon some reverend history :
And questionless here in this open court,
Which now lies naked to the injuries
Of stormy weather, some lie interr'd,
Loved the church so well, and gave so largely to't
They thought it should have canopied their bones
Till doomsday,—but all things have an end.

Of course it is hardly likely that at this period anything but the bare walls would be standing. The works of art which adorned those walls in the prosperous and peaceful days of the monastery,—and doubtless there would be many such works, contributed or left as legacies by the rich patrons of the abbey,—would be destroyed at the Reformation. “The reign of Henry VIII. and those immediately succeeding him,” says Flaxman, an English Protestant, and an eminent sculptor, “was employed in settling disputes of faith by public executions; and the spirit of persecution extended equally to man and his labours. The king issued an injunction that all images that obtained particular veneration should be taken down and removed from the churches; and in the reign of Edward VI., the Council ordered all images, without distinction, to be thrown down and destroyed. This was executed on pictures as well as sculpture. Had the Popes of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries been actuated by

the same iconoclastic fury against the remains of Greek and Roman superstition, we should have been unacquainted with the Apollo Belvedere, the Venus of Praxiteles, the Laocoon, and the other wonders of Grecian art."

Retracing our steps, and turning to the left, at a short distance down the lane we come to the western gateway, which was the work of John Paslew, the seventeenth abbot, who always used his Christian name alone after he became abbot; and accordingly on the fine groinings of ribbon-work upon this gateway may be seen the capital \mathfrak{A} , very faintly traced with a chisel, at least as often as the letter \mathfrak{x} appears on the other. This gateway is left to crumble to dust, and presents, in its neglected condition, a sad contrast to the pious care of our forefathers for their beautiful structures,—

The weak winds
Through each lone arch, like spirits that complain,
Come hollow to the ear.

While the visitor is pondering on the unhappy fate of its builder, and trying, perchance, to recall to his imagination the strange times, big with so many mighty events, in which he lived, the express train on its way to Scotland will, perhaps, dash along the railway viaduct carried just behind, and bring home to his mind with startling vividness the wondrous changes that have come over the whole country since the fallen abbot surveyed for the last time, from the gallows at the foot of Whalley Nab, the scene in which he had for over twenty years played so prominent a part.

Within the enclosure, and near the latter gateway, is the abbey farm. Behind the farm-house, and exhibiting some fine examples in arches and doorways, is the

dormitory of the ancient monks, which, shade of John Paslew! is now converted into a vile cowhouse.

Perhaps the best and most comprehensive view of the remains of this venerable fabric is to be obtained from the fields at the back of the house. Here may be seen its crumbling arches and arcades; its chapels laid open to the day; its dismantled walls, shrouded with the wild tapestry of its monumental ivy, climbing here, there, and everywhere,—all uniting, by their combined beauty, to afford ample scope for the play of the imagination in picturing the abbey in its pristine glory, and in contemplating its remorseless history. “No longer possessed of wealth, or power, or religious influence, it is fast crumbling under the ravages of time; luxuriant ivy mantles the roofless walls, falling in wreaths and festoons through the open windows, and a gloomy desolation seems to pervade the place, highly calculated to inspire a feeling of reverential awe; and though it has lost the grand proportions of its old completeness, it is still robed in solemn beauty, and is still majestic in its decay.”

O ruins are lovely when o'er them is cast
The green veil of ivy to shadow the past;
When the rent and the chasm that fearfully yawn'd
By the moss of the lichens are sweetly adorn'd;
When long grass doth carpet the desolate halls,
And trees have sprung up in the whitening walls,
And woven a curtain of liveliest green
Where once the rich folds of the damask were seen.

But such thoughts are unheeded when idly we gaze
On the desolate grandeur of earlier days;
'Tis the wreck that is lovely, the wider the rent
The fuller the view of the landscape is lent.
The wind that now sighs through the tenantless halls
No thoughts of lov'd voices to mem'ry recalls.
O ruins are lovely when o'er them is cast
The green veil of ivy to shadow the past.

The Parish Church.

Not alone for its ruined abbey, or the sylvan beauty of its landscape, is Whalley famous; the fine old Church—one of the most beautiful in the county—is itself an object the sight of which is well worth the trouble of a long journey; and we know of no other sacred edifice equally distant from Blackburn, or even Manchester, which so well repays a visit as this.

The foundation of Whalley Church dates as far back as the sixth century, when Paulinus, the missionary of the north, who preached much in Lancashire and Yorkshire, stirred up the religious zeal of the people and caused so many churches to be built. The three crosses in the churchyard, with their rude interlacing Runic scrolls, are believed, like similar crosses at Burnley, Ilkley, &c., to be memorials of that great missionary's preaching here. The original of this Church was founded about A.D. 628, and rebuilt in 1283, by Peter de Cestria, the last rector before the appropriation of the abbey. To this latter date the tower probably belongs, the rest of the building being of various dates, from the latter portion of the thirteenth century till shortly before the Reformation. "It is a picturesque and beautiful structure, though full of architectural incongruities; and its grey walls and hoary buttresses, with the lancet-shaped windows of the choir, and the ramified tracery of the fine eastern window, cannot fail to please any taste not quite so critical as to require absolute harmony and perfection in a building."

And the interior is in keeping with what we see outside. Enquire of any one where the clerk lives; for no one

should leave Whalley without having seen inside this fine old Church. Here we have a nave, choir, side aisles, and galleries; and notice the neatly-carved screen. But if you want to see some artistic work in the way of carving, turn to the two lofty pews (formerly one pew) towering high above the others, with a canopy and pillars of elaborately-carved oak, and lattice work at the sides, bearing two dates—1534 and 1610; and if you want to further gratify your taste in this respect, observe the new pulpit and reading-desk, both richly carved in the very highest style of modern art, forming two recent additions worthy of this venerable and beautiful structure. The stalls in the choir are very handsome. They were taken from the abbey, and are at least 400 years old. There are eighteen of them, each with its quaintly-carved folding seat, bearing singular carvings, not altogether of an unusual character in old ecclesiastical work of this kind, but singularly inconsistent with it, which have attracted the attention of the curious. Chief among them is that of the abbot, festooned with sculptured vine wreaths and clustering grapes, and bearing the Latin inscription,

Semper gaudentes sint ista sede sedentes.

Thus translated, "Ever gladsome may they be who occupy this seat;" or, as some have rendered it,

Good luck betide you all
That sit within this stall.

The subject on another is a man forcibly shoeing a goose. These holy men seem to have loved a joke. This is the inscription,—

*Whoso melleth hy: of yt: all men dos,
Let hy: com here and shos ye gos:*

That is to say, literally, Whoso meddles himself of that all men do, let him come here and shoe the goose; or, it may be thus rendered, keeping the spirit of the original,—

That fool to shoe a goose should try
Who pokes his nose in each man's pie.

The seats of the other stalls are more or less curiously carved.

In a niche on the north side of the Communion-table, you will see a recumbent figure of the late Dr. Whitaker, the celebrated historian and antiquary, who was formerly vicar of this parish. This handsome monument, from a design by Anthony Salvin, Esq., F.S.A., was erected by public subscription, and the Rev. Dr. Cardwell, late professor of ancient history in Oxford University, contributed an appropriate inscription in Latin. In the north aisle is a gravestone conjectured to be over the remains of John Paslew, the last unfortunate abbot of Whalley, bearing a large floriated cross and representation of a chalice and paten, typical of his sacred calling, with the piteous inscription,

*Ihs. fili dei misereri mihi.**

Observe, too, the brass plate in one of the pillars, inscribed thus:—

Of youre charge pray for the soules of Raphe Catterall, Esquier, and Elizabeth his wyfe, whiche bodies lyeth before this pellar, and for ther chylder soules, whychs Raphe decessed the yere o Lord God m.cccc.vv., and on whose soules Jesu have mercie. Amen.

with the whole of the family, consisting of father, mother, nine sons and eleven daughters quaintly engraved upon it.

* Jesus, Son of God, have mercy upon me.



WESTERN GATEWAY, WHALLEY ABBEY.

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ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

The fine east window, with the arms of all the old local families, executed in a masterly style of workmanship, is well worth a careful examination. Immediately beneath the window stands a beautiful picture of our Saviour, by Northcote, presented as an altarpiece by the late Adam Cottam, Esq., of Whalley, who also gave the fine organ.

The interior of this beautiful Church has, within the last few years, undergone a thorough restoration. Great pains have been taken in removing the coats of plaster and whitewash with which the pillars and arches were covered, so as to preserve their original contour; and certainly the work has been completed in a most gratifying and satisfactory manner. The fine old oak roof, too, which was accidentally discovered concealed behind a plain, flat ceiling, is now laid open, and altogether the Church presents a very handsome and imposing appearance.

Out in the churchyard are, in addition to the three crosses before alluded to, a stone coffin and several old slabs, once the coverings of such coffins, each with its floriated cross; a quern, or Roman hand corn mill—for Whalley was the site of a minor Roman station; and several other relics of antiquity.



Mitton.

There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet;
Oh ! the last rays of feeling and life must depart,
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.



HERE is no more charming spot on the banks of the Ribble than the pretty little village of Mitton. Separated by an interval of only two miles from Whalley and about three from Clitheroe, no one visiting either of these places will regret the time spent in a ramble to Mitton. If approached from Whalley, the tourist, on clearing the station, should turn to the right, and so take the highway which leads him to the village; but if from Clitheroe, he will find the walk through the fields by the river-side, on a fine day, the most enjoyable one that can be anywhere obtained. The author of "Rambles by the Ribble" says of this walk:—"The river is not, from the absence of woods, so picturesque as in some other parts, but the

whole aspect of the vale is very beautiful, and he must be unimpressible who could walk far by the river-side without every now and then stopping to enjoy the lovely panorama, in which the keep of Clitheroe Castle, the grey tower of Mitton Church, the turrets of Stonyhurst College, and other interesting objects form conspicuous features. When walking in sight of structures linked with the past history of the district, one's memory recurs naturally to the stirring events of the early days with which such edifices are associated."

The Ribble divides Mitton in two parts, usually called Little Mitton and Great Mitton. Before crossing the bridge, on our left, but nearly hidden by tall trees, stands

Little Mitton Hall,

now the property of R. J. Aspinall, Esq., of Standen Hall, Clitheroe. It is an exceedingly interesting old-fashioned building, reminding one of the ancient English mansions of which poets speak, and the "golden days" when

"Twas merry in the hall
The beards wagged all,

and is referred to by William Howitt, in his "Visits to Remarkable Places," as a singularly beautiful specimen of the Tudor style of domestic architecture. It is also remarkable for its galleried hall of the age of Henry VII., described by Dr. Whitaker as one of the finest Gothic rooms he had ever seen in a private house. The hall is at present in the occupation of John Hick, Esq., late M.P. for Bolton, who has spent over £10,000 in restoring the property. On the other side of the bridge appears

Great Mitton Hall,

another of those quaint, ancient manor houses so plentifully

scattered about Lancashire. This also is of the early Tudor style of architecture, but not of so ornate a character as Little Mitton Hall. At this point the Ribble divides the two counties of Lancashire and Yorkshire.

The Church.

Dear is the ancient village church, which rears
By the lone yew, or lime, or elm-girt mound,
Its modest fabric.

We come now to the Church, which is the chief object of attraction. It is a plain structure of the age of Edward III., with a low square tower and a porch on the south side. Did ever Church look more holy, with its silent burial-ground, than this? The dead here seem as if they had lived to do all that there was to do, and had then laid down to take their rest; for you cannot conceive that the bustle and tumult, and wear and tear of life, were ever heard in a place so tranquil as this appears; but that everything grows of its own accord, and that man has but to gather enough for his common wants, then stretch himself upon the velvet sward and sleep. These thoughts suggest themselves as we saunter round the venerable fabric, and mark the old and decaying monuments under which the "rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep,"—ay, as peaceably as their titled neighbours beneath the sculptured marble inside the Church, whose resting-place is a show for the whole world.

Under the guidance of the obliging clerk, who lives in a little cottage by the churchyard gate, the visitor, on expressing his desire to see the interior of the Church, is at once admitted and led down the aisle to the Sherburne Chapel, on the north side of the Church, where "sleep in

dull, cold marble," the knightly family of the Sherburnes, of Stonyhurst. This Chapel stands on the site of the ancient chapel, or chantry, of St. Nicholas, founded by Hugh Sherburne, in the fifteenth century, and which was long the place of interment of the family. The present chapel was built by Sir Richard Sherburne, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

There are four tombs with recumbent figures of knights and their ladies, and two *alto relievos*, in white marble. The oldest tomb is that of Sir Richard Sherburne, the founder of the residence of Stonyhurst, and his wife. He died in July, 1594, having survived his wife nearly seven years. According to the inscription on the tomb, he was Master Forester of the Forest of Bowland, Steward of the Manor of Slaidburn, Lieutenant of the Isle of Man, and one of Her Majesty's Deputy Lieutenants in the county of Lancaster. Sir Richard appears to have had an easy conscience, for he is said to have been successively a favourite of Henry VIII., Edward VI., Mary, and Elizabeth, and held office in each of these reigns. The next is that of his son Richard, and his wife, who died in childbed of twins, while he was Captain of the Isle of Man, in 1591. This is a mural monument, representing the pair kneeling opposite each other at an altar, in prayer, clad and coloured in the quaint style of that age,—he in his ruff and full-skirted jerkin; she in a black gown and hood, falling over the top of her head, and with tan-leather gloves on her arms. On the compartments below are seen the twins in bed, with their nurses watching by them; and not far off, monks praying for the lady's soul. Another Richard, heir of the last-named, is also commemorated.

He was, says the inscription on his tomb, "an eminent sufferer for his loyal fidelity to King Charles, of ever blessed memory, and departed this life February 11th, A.D. 1667, aged 81 years." Another Richard has his memory, and also that of his wife Isabel, commemorated. "He built the almshouse and school upon Hurst Green, and left divers charitable gifts yearly" to various places in Lancashire and Yorkshire. He died "in prison for loyalty to his sovereign" [James II.] at Manchester, in 1689. One more Richard has a memorial; and there is also a monument to the memory of Sir Nicholas Sherburne, who had the dignity of a baronet conferred upon him during his father's lifetime, by Charles II., but dying without surviving male issue, the title expired. He left a daughter, who married the eighth Duke of Norfolk, but she died without issue, and the estate then devolved upon her aunt, who had married William Weld, son and heir of Sir John Weld, of Lulworth; and her grandson, Thomas Weld, Esq., granted, on liberal terms, Stonyhurst, as a retreat for the Jesuits, in 1794.

There are two inscriptions by the Dowager Duchess of Norfolk, the daughter of Sir Nicholas Sherburne. The first is to her parents, and conveys a curious picture of the times:—

Sir Nicholas Sherburn was a man of great humanity, sympathy, and concern for the good of mankind, and did many good charitable things whilst he lived; he particularly set his neighbourhood spinning Jersey wool, and provided a man to comb the wool, and a woman who taught them to spin, whom he kept in his house, and allotted several rooms he had in one of the courts of Stonyhurst, for them to work in; and the neighbours came to spin accordingly. The spinners came every day, and spun as long a time as they could spare, morning and afternoon, from their families; this continued from April 1699 to August 1771. When they had all learned, he gave the nearest neighbours each a pound or half a pound of wool

ready for spinning, and wheel, to set up for themselves; which did a vast deal of good to that north side of Ribble, in Lancashire. Sir Nicholas Sherburn died December 15, 1717. This monument was set up by the Dowager Dutchess of Northfolk, in memory of the best of fathers and mothers, and in this vault designs to be interred herself whenever it pleases God to take her out of this world.

Of her mother the Duchess says :—

Lady Sherburn was a lady of excellent temper and fine sentiment, singular piety, virtue, and charity, constantly employed in doing good, especially to the distressed, sick, poor, and lame, for whom she kept an apothecary's shop in the house. She continued as long as she lived doing great good and charity. She died January 27, 1772. Besides all other great charities which Sir Nicholas and Lady Sherburn did, they gave, on All-Souls-Day, a considerable deal of money to the poor, Lady Sherburn serving them with her own hands on that day.

There is also a monument, with a lengthy laudatory inscription, to the Hon. Peregrin Widderington, second husband of the Duchess, who died on the 4th February, 1748.

The monument which comes last in order, and which to visitors is usually the most attractive, is an *alto relievo* of white marble, in memory of the last direct male descendant of the Sherburnes—Sir Nicholas's only son, Richard Francis, who died in his ninth year. According to the parish clerk (who had it from some other clerk, and so on,) this boy was poisoned by eating yewberries in the grounds of Stonyhurst. On the monument are represented, on either hand of the youthful heir, two chubby-faced lads, "that he took to be his playfellows," weeping for the loss of their benefactor; and there are also sculptured upon it various emblems symbolical of an untimely death.

The resting-place of the Sherburnes is now closed; the last who was interred in this chapel was a Weld, a lineal descendant of the ancient lords of Stonyhurst.

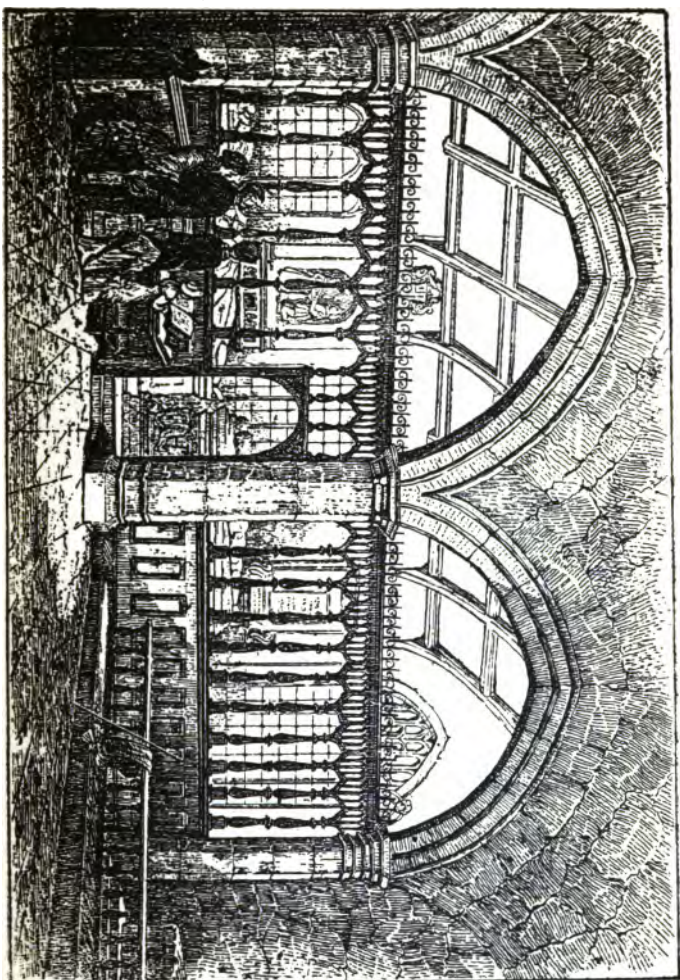
Objects of Interest in the Chancel, &c.

After having duly inspected these memorials, the clerk directs the attention of the visitor to the "chained books," within the chancel, which comprise four thick volumes, enclosed in an oak case with glass top. They were formerly fastened by chains on the top of an old oak table, as shown in our illustration, and would appear to have been at one time of day the village library, where the parishioners might have the opportunity of studying religious truth, but without the privilege of borrowing the books. They are very properly preserved as a memento of the "good old times," and afford a marked contrast to the circulating and travelling libraries of the present day.

Ah ! needless now this weight of massy chain ;
Safe in themselves the once-loved works remain ;
No readers now invade their still retreat,
None try to steal them from their parent seat ;
Like ancient beauties, they may now discard
Chains, bolts, and locks, and lie without a guard.

The books are mostly works in explanation and defence of the doctrines and liturgy of the Anglican Church. In one of them, Burkitt's "Expository Notes," there is on the title-page an autograph in these words, "Bought by Wm. Johnson, Vicar of Mitton, for the use of ye parishioners." On Bennett's "Paraphrase upon the Book of Common Prayer" we read, "Ex Libris Ecclesiæ Parochialis de Mitton, 1722." It thus appears that parochial libraries are not a new thought.

The ancient piscina [where the officiating priests washed their hands] and sedilia [where they sat at intervals during the service] are still retained within the chancel. The



THE SHERBURNE CHAPEL, MITTON CHURCH.

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screen which separates the chancel from the nave exhibits some interesting carving. It once occupied a similar position in Cockersand Abbey, near Lancaster, but on the dissolution of the Abbey it was carried to Mitton Church, and the oak canopies of the stalls to Lancaster Church. On this screen is an inscription recording it to have been made during the abbacy of William Staynford, who was abbot of Cockersand from 1505 to 1509. The curiously-carved oak cover of the baptismal font bears the date 1593.

Like Whalley Church, the oaken roof of this edifice was, until a recent date, concealed behind a low plaster ceiling, which gave the interior a very mean appearance. This has very properly been removed; the space within, the Communion rails has been neatly tiled, and a stained glass window, with armorial bearings of local families, sheds a "dim, religious light" over the chancel. We believe that the interior of this fine old Church owes much of its present appearance to the liberality of John Hick, Esq., of Mitton Hall.

In the Churchyard

are to be seen an ancient Gothic cross, a stone coffin, and several curious gravestones, one of which, having a floriated cross and calvary, marks the grave of an ecclesiastic. There is also a weather-beaten monumental figure of an ecclesiastic on the north side of the churchyard, supposed to be of the thirteenth century; but if it ever had an inscription upon it, all traces of it have entirely disappeared. The sun dial on the south side is not more than two hundred years old. Near to the door of the Sherburne Chapel is a freestone effigy of a mailed knight,

which has a remarkable traditionary history. When the monuments of the Sherburnes came down from London, they were, of course, the wonder and the talk of the whole district. A common stonemason, employed on the Sherburne estate, as he sat by the alehouse fire at Hurst Green, hearing the company extolling them, exclaimed, "O, I'll undertake to cut out as good in common stone." The whole place was scandalised at the man's arrogance: it was carried to the hall. The man was sent for, and desired to make good his boast, under penalty of forfeiting their employment for ever if he failed. He was to take only one view of the figure he pitched upon, and twelve months were allowed him to finish the work in. The man had done it long before the year was up; and so surprised were the Sherburnes at its resemblance to the original, that they gave him £20, and allowed the effigy to be laid under the window of the chapel.



Stonyhurst.

Delightful views!—where'er we turn the eye
 Still varied prospects crowd upon our sight;
 These charm the senses, and the thoughts employ,
 And wrap the mind in tranquil, calm delight.



AFTER having viewed the ancient Church of Mitton, and the interesting monuments, &c., just described, the tourist while in this neighbourhood should take advantage of the opportunity of visiting that great seminary of Catholic education in England—Stonyhurst College, about three miles from Mitton. To reach Stonyhurst there is a choice of two ways, either by taking the highway or going alongside the river. The former may be nearer, but it is uninteresting; the latter is one of the pleasantest walks in

the valley of the Ribble. Presuming, therefore, that the tourist will choose a ramble by the river-side, he ought,

on leaving Mitton Church, to retrace his steps towards the bridge over the Ribble, and enter the field by the gate under the dark overhanging trees on the right hand, just before coming to the bridge. Following the river, which flows merrily on past Little Mitton Hall, on the opposite bank, we soon arrive at the spot where the Hodder mingles its bright stream with the less pellucid but more famous Ribble.

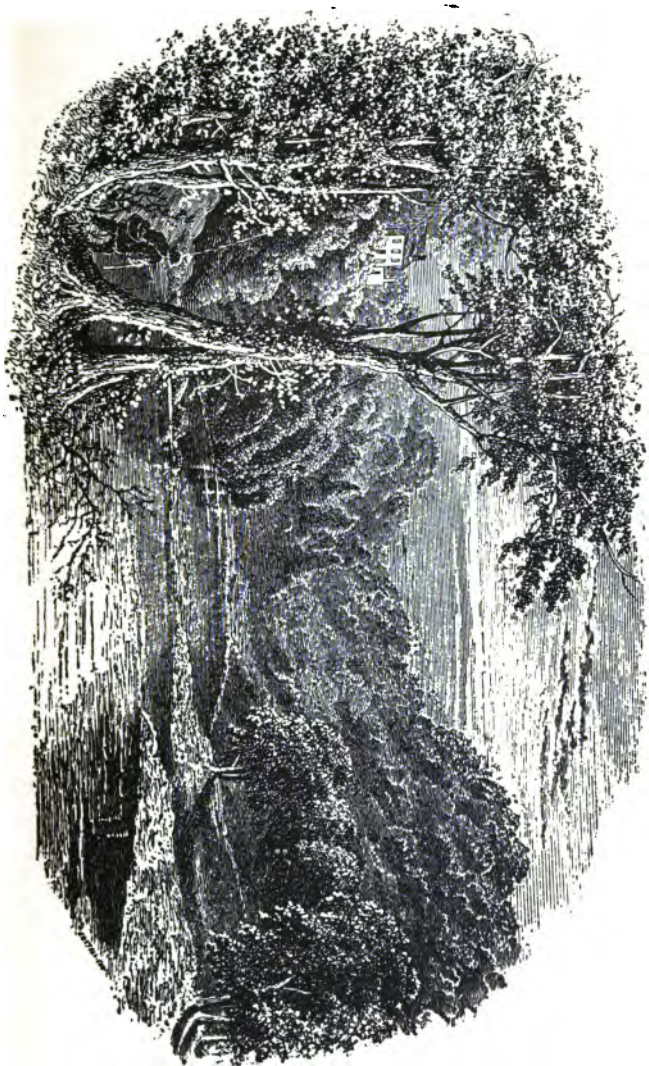
The Hodder

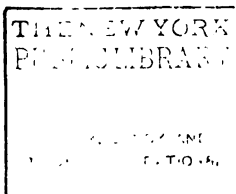
is a beautiful stream for fly-fishing. It rises in the hills above Slaidburn, and after running a short course through a charming and well-wooded vale, hurries itself into the Ribble at Mitton, where, according to the oft-repeated rhyming proverb,

Hodder, Calder, Ribble, and rain,
Mingle together in Mitton domain.

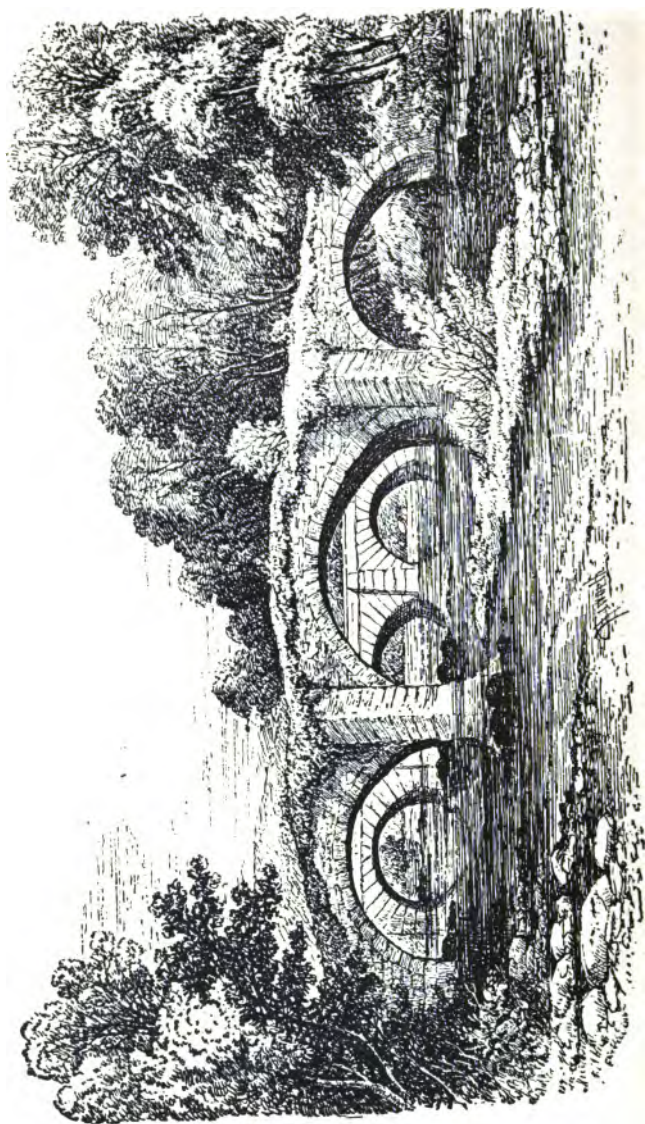
Along the course of the river, the amateur painter may also find abundance of subjects on which to exercise his pencil, or gratify his taste for nature and art; admiration of the former, and knowledge of the latter, being alike called into action by the scenery around him. Our artist has chosen a subject from each,—one exhibiting a scene from nature on the higher part of the stream—at Whitewell; the other, from art, at the lower end. The inn, at Whitewell, which is very beautifully situated both for sport and scenery, will be found a convenient resting-place. It lies among the West Yorkshire hills, on the very edge of North Lancashire, about sixteen miles from Preston and six from Clitheroe. The contemplative angler, who seeks repose from the bustle and cares of town life, will

ON THE HODDER, AT WHITEWALL.





SECRETARY
OF THE
NATIONAL
ASSOCIATION
OF
FEDERAL
JUDICIAL
CLERKS



LOWER HODDER BRIDGE.

be delighted with this snug retreat, which, at the same time, offers the retirement he desires and the amusement he enjoys.

The grayling in the Hodder was at one time, within the recollection of many anglers, very fine and plentiful; but it is now a scarce fish. Sir Humphrey Davy mentions the Ribble as one of the principal rivers in England inhabited by this fish; and the supposition that it was introduced into this country by the monks is strengthened by the grayling being very local, and from its being frequently found in most of the rivers which run near the ruins of our ancient monastic institutions. Perhaps its presence in the Ribble and the Hodder may be accounted for from its having formerly been imported by the monks of Whalley and Sawley, for whom, no doubt, it would afford a very good fry; but in that day rivers were rivers, and not, as some of them are now, receptacles for all the filth and refuse that can by any possibility be diverted into them. Who would not run from a trout or a grayling taken out of the Calder now-a-days?

The Hodder abounds in salmon, trout, and a few inferior kinds of fish. Though the fishing season actually commences in February, the best months for taking salmon are July, August, September, and October, and for trout from March to September. The flies recommended for the Ribble* will also be found very effectual for the Hodder. Permission to fish both in the Ribble and the lower part of the Hodder can be obtained at the Aspinall's Arms, Mitton, and also from the boatman at the ferry-boat near Hacking Hall. Above Higher Hodder Bridge,

* See page 39.

the angler may usually obtain permission from the inns near the river.

Looking up the Hodder from the point where it joins the Ribble, walled on each side by a perfect forest of foliage, an exquisite piece of river scenery presents itself. If the tourist object to a scramble along the margin of the river, he should take the higher ground, and descend on the other side of the wood, continuing his walk by the river-side until he reach

Lower Hodder Bridge,

or, rather, bridges, for there are two bridges, within a few yards of each other, spanning the river at this point,—one a modern stone erection, with parapet walls and bold piers ; the other, also of stone, very old, covered with ivy, steep, no wall, and extremely narrow, presenting not altogether unapt symbols of the days of our forefathers and of our own days,—both very good days in their way, yet with a difference—theirs having more of the poetry of life, ours eminently fitted for its solid utilities. However, there is a desolateness hangs about this old bridge, as if, conscious of having been superseded by a modern structure, it was weary of waiting its time, and anxious to be swept away ; in the roofless walls on the opposite bank, which still show where a human habitation once stood ; in the traces which point out where a garden was once tilled, where the wild bramble has long ago twined round the cherished rose tree, and the wild flowers have taken the place of the cultivated garden favourites.

This old bridge, which is so very picturesque, our artist has hit off to a shade, thereby enabling us to present a correct view of one of the most interesting objects in the

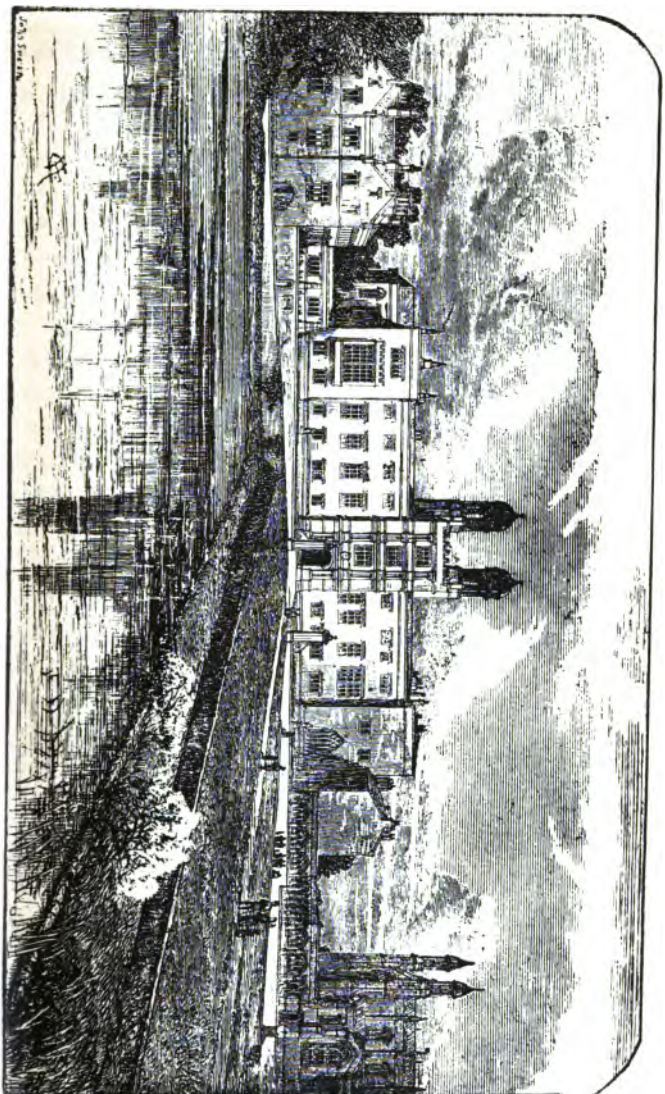
whole valley,—one which many photographers have often attempted to “take,” but as often signally failed. In addition to its picturesqueness, it has also historical associations; for it was over this narrow bridge that Cromwell’s army passed on the eve of the battle of Preston, in 1648, which ended in the defeat of the Royalists. Here, too, he held a “council of war; and here, too, both he and his soldiers must have been sorely bothered when the heavy artillery which usually accompanied them came to be dragged over. Some short time ago, Mr. O. Cattermole painted the scene, “Cromwell at Hodder Bridge,” showing the house, or inn, on the opposite bank, which is now nearly level with the ground.

Having crossed the Hodder by either of these bridges, and journeying on the highway—keeping to the left—we shortly come to the field (easily recognised by the broad path across it) leading to the back of the College. There is an extensive prospect of the surrounding country to be obtained from the road just here. Below, deep in the valley, is Hacking Hall, with its many mullioned windows, built by Judge Walmesley, in 1607, and further up, in the fertile vale of the Calder, and situated on its bank, is Whalley, so interesting to the antiquary for its ancient Church and Abbey. Above Whalley, rise the fine woods and grounds which were formerly a part of the Abbey domain, and terminate the prospect in this direction. To the left a very rich and extensive view is obtained of the vale of the Ribble, intersected by the finely-wooded vales of the Calder and the Hodder. The objects which embellish the landscape in this direction are, the Church and woods of Mitton, and the town, the Castle, and the

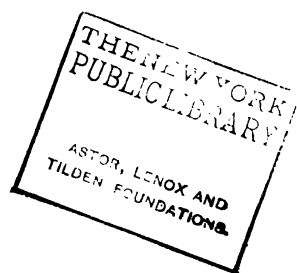
Church of Clitheroe, with the sombre-looking Pendle for a background. Crossing the field, we arrive at

Stonhurst College,

the first object that meets the eye being the astronomical observatory, recognised by its professional-like looking dome. It contains an eight-inch achromatic equatorially-mounted telescope, known in the scientific world as the "Peter's telescope." A little further on and we stand before the imposing front. Over the entrance are the arms of the Sherburne family, carved in *relievo*, upon a shield of marble; and above the tower are two cupolas, with leaden domes, each surmounted with an eagle standing upon perforated masonry, and supported by open arch-headed columns. On our right hand is the Church, built in the Tudor-Gothic style, in the year 1824, at a cost of about £16,000. It is not only for the use of the College, but for the entire district. The interior is highly decorated, and on each side of the altar is a magnificent fresco painting, by Wurm & Fischer, of Munich. In one, St. Francis Xavier is represented preaching to the Indians; the other, St. Ignatius Loyola, the founder of the Order of the Jesuits, administering the Holy Communion to his faithful followers. Recently, under the direction of the Rev. Father Eyre, rector, splendid bronze Stations of the Cross, of immense weight, have been placed in the Church. The vestments, relics, and sacred vessels are most magnificent in appearance, of great intrinsic value, and varied in character. In the sacristy is a large and magnificent monstrance, made of silver, and studded all over with precious stones of the most exquisite hue, which originally



STONYHURST COLLEGE.



cost £3,000. The Church is connected with the College by a handsome cloister. On the left is a large Elizabethan house, constructed in 1841 for an infirmary, where every convenience is provided for the sick, including the constant attendance of a physician.

To see the interior of the College the visitor has usually to be provided with a letter of introduction from a Catholic priest, and then he may view it only on certain days and at particular times. When once this letter has been obtained, the Jesuits—whose courtesy to strangers is well known, and praised by every one who has experienced it—take pleasure in showing the various rooms and the treasures which they contain, as well as the Church, gardens, and grounds adjoining.

Sketch of the Rise and Progress of the College.

In 1794, the Jesuit fathers, driven from Liège by the horrors of war and the proscriptions of the French Revolution, were induced, in consequence of the mitigation of the penal laws against Catholics, to seek an asylum in their native country. Stonyhurst was then in the possession of Thomas Weld, Esq., the heir of the Sherburnes, and he invited them to become his tenants at a nominal rental, and to bring hither the remnant of their flourishing Academy. They did so, and by unremitting energy and enterprise, prospered so well that they eventually became the purchasers of the whole estate, and have since rendered it the chief seat of Catholic education in England. They found the mansion, built by Sir Richard Sherburne, much dilapidated, but the size and the general disposition of the apartments made it easily convertible into a College. One

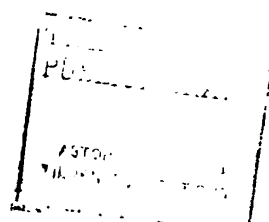
of Turner's plates represents the building as it then stood—incomplete but picturesque—a central tower with only one wing. An occupancy of nearly a hundred years has transformed it into an imposing pile, with an estate comprising above 2,000 acres, the whole of which is farmed by the Jesuits themselves, with the assistance of bailiffs; and the administration is so successful that the enormous establishment in the College has hitherto been maintained from the produce of the estate, and the bulk of the pensions paid by the students has been allowed to accumulate. Out of this fund Stonyhurst is being rebuilt from the foundations, at a cost of over £100,000. The architects are Messrs. Dunn and Hanson, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, and the architectural features of the old baronial mansion, with its picturesque towers and mullion, will be reproduced in the new building. Already a great part of the work is approaching completion; and those who knew it but a few years ago would, unless standing before the old front, hardly recognise the place. It would be tedious to go into the architectural details of the new buildings, or to give the dimensions and situations of the various rooms which they contain. Suffice it to state that they are “designed in accordance with all modern requirements, and on a scale worthy of the traditions of the greatest teaching order in the Catholic Church;” and that, when completed, the whole pile, as a building, will stand without a rival in this part of the country, and, as an educational establishment, the best adapted for its purpose in either hemisphere.

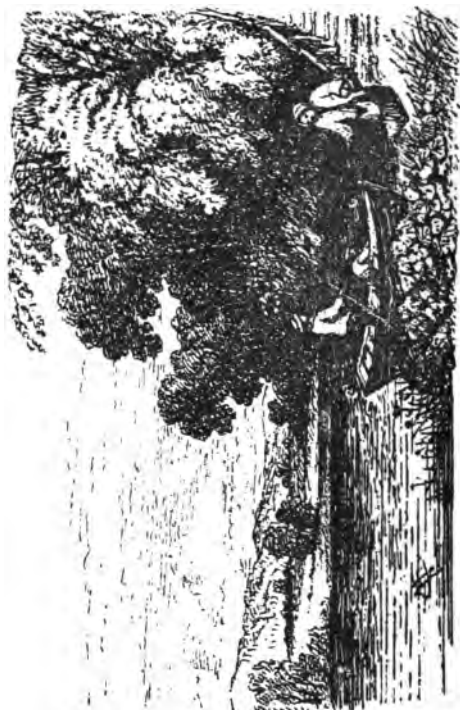
Stonyhurst claims to be an ancient foundation, dating from the reign of Queen Elizabeth, for it represents the

famous college of St. Omer, founded in 1593, of which the Academy at Liège was an offshoot. Compared with other public schools, the pension is low, being fixed at sixty guineas a year, whilst the diet is exceptionally liberal and generous. The teaching is of an excellent kind, many of the masters being Oxford and Cambridge men, and reaches to the highest departments of classics and sciences. A rector and perfect of studies, assisted by twenty or thirty professors, direct the education of about 250 boys. Connected with the College, but built about a mile to the east of it, is a theological seminary, called Hodder House, where members of the order receive their earlier training. There is a well-appointed observatory, conducted in business-like style; some of the fathers are members of the Astronomical Society, and one has been three times commissioned by the Government to conduct astronomical observations in various parts of the world. The house itself would delight Mr. Harrison Ainsworth. There is an old banqueting hall, with a transept and mullioned windows, old oak wainscoting, and marble floor. There is a picture gallery that would have captivated the author of "Bracebridge Hall." Behind is an antique garden with a bowling green, yew hedges, eight or ten feet high, a Dutch pond and leaden statues, sun dials, and a dark walk, into which you descend by steps, and which on a bright summer's day awful yews of vast age keep as gloomy as a cavern. The library contains some 80,000 volumes; and many valuable manuscripts, black letter, and other rare books, are to be seen in the collection. Adjoining is the museum and Arundel library—a spacious apartment, containing books, curiosities, and antiquities

of all kinds. In what is called the "long room" are hung many of the more valuable paintings belonging to the College, the largest of them being the Virgin and Child, by Rubens. In this room also is the beautiful picture of the Immaculate Conception, by Murillo. One of the finest pictures, perhaps, is that of Caracci's, which represents the Descent from the Cross.

The College is always well filled with scions of the Catholic aristocracy, and is regarded with affection and pride by those who have been educated there. The amiable, though somewhat eccentric, Waterton, the well-known naturalist, and the late Richard Sheil, celebrated in parliamentary annals, are perhaps the most remarkable names connected with the place; and it was the delight of the former in his old age to repair at Christmas-time to the scene of his youth. The College is conducted on a handsome and liberal scale, the "Philosophers" (gentlemen boarders, finishing their education,) who figured in the Tichborne trial, and whose mysterious name seemed chosen on the *lucus à non lucendo* principle, enjoying the *dolce far niente* after a fashion that pilgrims through this outer world might envy. Exercises of the most robust and vigorous kind are encouraged, such as football, cricket, bicycling, &c., while the keen and bracing air of the Lancashire hills makes every one hardy. Nor are the Graces neglected,—a good band and, at Christmas, theatricals being relied on as aids to education. Discipline is severe, but holidays and rewards are abundant. It must be remembered, too, that the rectors and professors are hard worked; and it is difficult to conceive a highly-trained Oxford man devoting his best energies to teaching "the





DINGLEY FERRY.

elements" to a troublesome class of thirty or forty juveniles. All labour gratuitously and simply, as the famous motto of this order runs, "To the Greater Glory of God."

Hurst Green.—Dinckley Ferry.

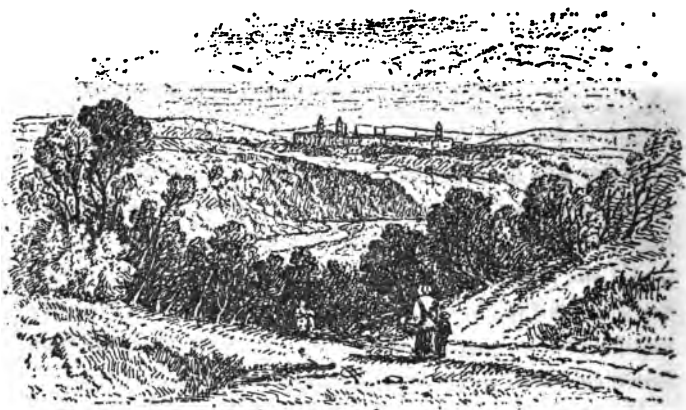
Having duly inspected the exterior of the building—and, if the visitor have been fortunate enough to obtain a "pass," the interior also—we make the best of our way down the long and somewhat dreary walk in front of the College, "to fresh woods and pastures new." Clearing the grounds, and passing the beautiful little cemetery on our left, we soon arrive at the village of Hurst Green, which, on a sultry day, seems to the parched pedestrian like an oasis in the desert, where he will be less disposed than at any other place in his travels in the vale of the Ribble to disagree with the poet who somewhere sings, perhaps a little too enthusiastically—

Ale is stout and good,
Whether in bottle it be or wood;
'Tis good at morning, 'tis good at night;
You should drink while the liquor is bubbling bright:
'Tis good for man, for woman, and child,
Being neither too strong, nor yet too mild.

It is not our business here to "give bold advertisement" to either mine host of the Masons' Arms or the Eagle and Child. "You pays your money and takes your choice;" but if the tourist intend to shank it even to the nearest railway station, he might not regret on his way thither having just wet his whistle at any one of the three or four hostelries with which this village is favoured.

Hurst Green is about equi-distant from Whalley and Langho stations. To reach the former we must turn back and traverse nearly the same ground just gone over,

There is a very pleasant road to the latter at the back of the Sherburne Arms, *via* Dinckley Ferry. The ferry is close beside Dinckley Hall, an old partly timber-framed house, formerly the residence of several noted families, but now—like nearly all the old halls in the valley of the Ribble—used as a farm-house. The views both up and down the river from Dinckley are very picturesque. After crossing the stream, we proceed along the path through the fields till we reach the highway. The road to the left leads to Langho station, that to the right, to Ribchester; and there is a path through a number of fields nearly opposite a public-house just here, called the Tanners' Arms, which conducts the traveller to the village of Wilpshire.



Clitheroe.

A straggling burgh, of ancient charter proud,
And dignified by battlements and towers
Of a stern castle, mouldering on the top
Of a green hill.



RESUMING our journey on the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway (from which our visit to Mitton and Stonyhurst has compelled us to deviate), a run of three miles from Whalley brings us to the ancient borough of Clitheroe, in a charming locality, which, for beauty of situation, —commanding as it does romantic scenery, embracing wood and dale, and mount and stream—is almost without a parallel for diversity

anywhere throughout the country. Few places on our route possess more interest or claim more prominent notice than this, inasmuch as it is linked most intimately with the

history of our country, and dates back to very early times, for it knew something of stirring events in Saxon days. Its name carries the mind back to the early history of Lancashire, and is associated with lordly domination and feudal dependence.

The municipal borough of Clitheroe comprehends nearly 3,000 acres, and the parliamentary borough includes the townships of Clitheroe, Chatburn, Downham, Mearley, Little Mitton, Pendleton, Twiston, Whalley, Wiswell, and Worston. The picturesque Ribble runs on the west from north to south, and the "forked Calder," descending by Whalley, falls into the Ribble below Mitton; while Mearley and Henthorn brooks, uniting beneath Clitheroe on the south, yield their tributary streams to the Ribble at Low Moor; and in wet seasons Chatburn brook, issuing from the wild fissures of Pendle Hill increases the Ribble below Chatburn. Thus situated, Clitheroe is not inappropriately named, the word signifying the Hill by the Waters.

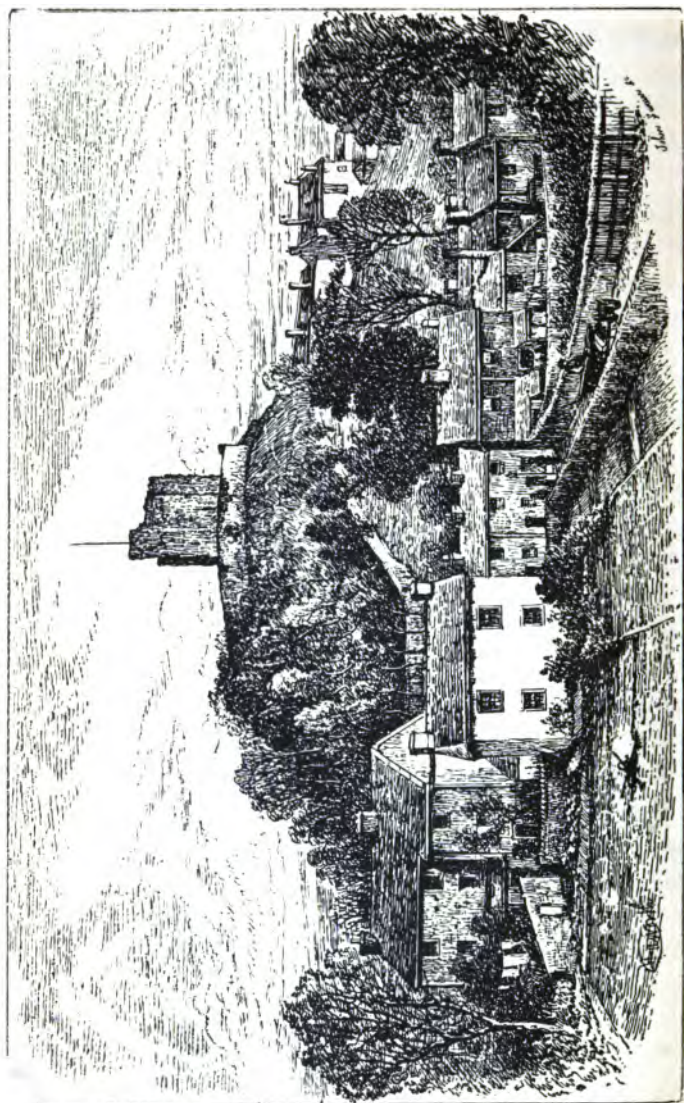
Brief Historical Sketch.

We cannot go into the history of Clitheroe without opening a page of English history, and with that page nearly every school-boy is familiar. It commences with the most distinctly-marked epoch in the history of our country,—the invasion of England by the Normans towards the end of the eleventh century, when, in the words of Dibdin—

A very great war-man, called Billy the Norman,
Cried, "Dash it, I never liked my land,
It would be much more handy to leave this Normandy,
And live on your beautiful Island."
Says he, "'Tis a snug little Island;
Shan't us go visit the Island?"
Hop, skip, and jump, there he was plump,
And he kicked up a dust in the Island.

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CLITHEROE CASTLE, FROM NEAR THE RAILWAY STATION.

Defeating Harold at Hastings in 1066, he treated the nation as a conquered country, seized on all the lands, &c., and distributed them among his rapacious followers, who asserted their claims with fire and sword, and entrenched themselves in Castles throughout the kingdom. But this we are told by the same authority they never could have accomplished had not

Party deceit helped the Normans to beat ;
 Of traitors they managed to buy land ;
 By Dane, Scot, or Pict, Britons ne'er had been lick'd
 Had they stuck to the King of their Island.
 Poor Harold, the King of our Island !
 He lost both his life and his Island,
 That's all very true ; what more could he do ?
 Like a Briton he died for his Island.

Among these invaders who escaped the battle-axe of the brave Anglo-Saxons was one Ilbert de Lacy, who obtained as his share of the booty sixty knights' fees, principally in the counties of Lancaster, York, and Lincoln. For the maintenance of these possessions he built two Castles, one at Pontefract (the baronial residence), the other here at Clitheroe. The male line of this family became extinct in 1193. The possessions passed to Richard Fitz-Eustace, lord of Halton and Constable of Chester, whose son John founded the abbey of Stanlaw, the parent of Whalley. The honour of Clitheroe afterwards passed by marriage into the hands of Thomas Plantagenet, Earl of Lancaster, who, rebelling against Edward II., was executed at Pontefract for high treason. The attainder having been reversed, the property fell to Henry, Duke of Lancaster, and from him passed to John o'Gaunt, in right of his wife. His son became Henry IV., on which the honour of Clitheroe vested in the crown, remaining so till Charles II. gave it

as a reward to General Monk and his heirs. From him it passed by the bequest of his son's second wife to Ralph, Duke of Montague, and thence came into possession of the Buccleuch family.

Objects of Interest in Clitheroe.

The chief object of attraction, from whatever quarter we approach Clitheroe, is its Castle Keep,—a fine old memorial of feudal power and baronial tyranny. Standing upon a grassy hill, in a bold and commanding position, its ancient walls seem still proudly to defy the ravages of time, and appear yet to glory in their proud position of protection to the town lying snugly beneath them. With the exception of this fragment, there is not much in Clitheroe to interest the stranger. It is a busy little town, with a population of about 10,000, and the centre of a wide district; the cotton trade is carried on rather extensively, and papermaking is also an important branch of industry. It is a corporate town, having a mayor, four aldermen, and twelve councillors; and has been represented in Parliament since the first year of the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Its public buildings are neither so numerous nor attractive as might be expected for so ancient a borough; they consist principally of

The Town Hall,

a neat but unpretentious building, erected about the year 1822, on the site of the old Hall, at the joint expense of Earls Howe and Brownlow—two land proprietors in, and parliamentary patrons of, the borough before the passing of the Reform Act. The armorial bearings sculptured on the front of it are those of the De Lacies, the arms of

"time-honoured Lancaster," the Clitheroe borough arms, and those of Earl Howe and Earl Brownlow.

Places of Worship.

The *Parish Church* is situated on an elevated spot, and commands extensive and varied views. It replaced an older one in 1828-9; the upper part of the tower and the spire were added in 1844. There are in the Church a few monuments of local worthies and well-known families in the district. Dr. John Webster, the astrologer, and author of the first book which treated on the subject of witchcraft in a rational manner, disproving that the Scripture warranted either the crime or its punishment (1677), was curate of this parish, and a brass plate, embellished by a horoscope, in which it is sapiently indicated that they who understand the diagram will understand that the Doctor understood it, placed against the south wall of the nave of the Church, serves to indicate the place of his interment. We know not what methods Dr. Webster may have pursued in his business of witch-finding, and should hope that a man of learning was above the ordinary arts that were practised. The author of "*Hudibras*" alludes to some of these, referring to one Matthew Hopkins, of great celebrity in his day,—

Has not the present Parliament
A ledger to the devil sent,
Fully empowered to treat about
Finding revolted witches out?
And has not he within a year
Hang'd threescore of 'em in a shire?
Some only for not being drown'd,
And some for sitting above ground.

A more pleasing memorial is the monument by Westmacott, with an elaborate inscription, erected at the

expense of his pupils, in honour of Thomas Wilson, for nearly forty years head-master of Clitheroe Grammar School.

This Church, being a modern structure, presents none of those features we are accustomed to find in the Parish Churches of this district, and which are among the noblest relics we possess of the piety and skill of our ancestors. It is small and bare, without a vestige of carving or other ornamental work, and is filled with those unsightly high-backed pews, or boxes, which prevailed so much in the days of knee-breeches and swallow-tailed coats, but which, like them, ought to be consigned among the things that have passed away. Remove the organ and the Communion Table, and you have a very respectable Quakers' Meeting-house. The east window, however, is rather fine, and contains fifteen representations of armorial bearings of the successive lords of Clitheroe; but beyond this, art has been altogether ignored in the interior arrangements of this Church, and even outside there is what Mr. Ruskin would style a "steeple abomination" to offend both the eye and the taste. What a striking contrast between the ancient Parish Church of Whalley and the modern Parish Church of Clitheroe! The one was built in what we are accustomed to call the "dark ages," the other in the enlightened nineteenth century. In the one we see some of the noblest of human efforts devoted to the noblest of all human purposes; in the other we find the arts of England unenlisted in the service of God, and everything about made to look as dull, as cold, and as formal as a school-room.

There are two other episcopal Churches in Clitheroe,

viz., *St. James's*, built in 1839-40, at a cost of £2,500; and another at Low Moor, *St. Paul's*, unquestionably the handsomest Church in Clitheroe, but not so nicely situated as the Parish Church, erected at a cost of about £4,300.

The *Catholics* have also a good stone structure, commenced in 1847, completed in 1850, and much renovated in 1886. The *Methodists* are a strong and active religious body here, and have several places of worship.

The Free Grammar School,

situate, in York Street, was founded by Queen Mary in 1554. It formerly stood in the churchyard, but was removed to its present site when the Church was restored, in 1829. It was rebuilt of the same stones and in the same style as when it stood in the churchyard.

The Public Hall

is also in York Street,—a substantial stone building, erected in 1874, at a cost of about £3,000. The principal room is capable of accommodating about 1,000 persons, and is well adapted for the purpose of holding concerts, entertainments, lectures, &c.

The Castle.

But the great object of interest in Clitheroe is its Castle, approached by a winding road through a gateway at the top of Castle Street. No site can be well conceived to exist in a plain more fitted, either for self-defence or harbouring assailants, in the days when cannons were not, and gunpowder yet existed only in “the harmless bowels of the earth.” Thanks to the kindness of the steward of the honour of Clitheroe, Colonel Robinson, free access to the Castle grounds is allowed to all those

who show their appreciation of the privilege by orderly conduct; and no lover of the picturesque will leave the ancient borough without availing himself of the opportunity so kindly afforded him of visiting this interesting relic of by-gone days, and enjoying the magnificent view which it commands. For nearly 800 years this hoary keep has "braved the battle and the breeze." Through all the vicissitudes which the country has passed in the hands of Norman and Plantagenet, in the cruel civil wars which for thirty years drained the best blood of the houses of York and Lancaster, and the subsequent parliamentary war and the rebellion, this stronghold has maintained its position,—presenting to us a memorial of days of tyranny and oppression long gone by, whilst most other places have nothing left to tell the tale.

Ages have passed since the vassal horde
Rose at the call of their feudal lord:
Serf and chief, the fettered and free,
Are resting beneath the greenwood tree;
And the blazoned shield and the badge of shame,
Each is alike—an empty name.

The Castle, it is supposed, has never been of large dimensions; originally it consisted of a keep, with a tower, entered by an arched gateway, and surrounded by a strong and lofty wall, placed on the margin of the rock, and within was a chapel, dedicated to St. Michael. This chapel, of which no traces are to be found, was, according to Dr. Whitaker, founded by Robert de Lacy, the builder of the Castle, who amply endowed it, "for the purpose of having divine service performed and the sacraments administered to his household servants, shepherds, and foresters." Nothing now remains of the original Castle but the keep,

a tower twenty feet square, with walls ten feet thick ; but from an engraving of the building when entire, taken from a drawing made immediately before it was dismantled by order of Parliament, in 1649, it appears to have had a gateway tower on the site of the present modern gates, with a round Norman arch, and a lofty flanking wall running along the brink of the rock, and turning first on the back of the present steward's house and secondly behind the present court-house, towards the keep.

Having inspected the interesting ruin, before descending we will turn and survey the magnificent prospect this eminence commands, which, on a clear day, is inexpressibly fine. "To the south-east Pendle rears its broad summit to the clouds ; at its western end, sloping towards Whalley, a fine vista appears between Pendle and Whalley Nab, and in the distance are the chimneys of the busy town of Accrington. Whalley Nab, beautifully wooded, rises above the sacred vale of Whalley, and beyond, a part of the same range of hills, are Billington moors and Langho fells, and on to Mellor and its church-crowned hill. To the north-west of this range is one of the most charming landscapes in Lancashire, including the valleys of the Calder and the Ribble, and extending as far as the Irish Sea, embracing an excellent view of the spires and chimneys of 'Proud Preston.' To the north of this district is Longridge fell, with the broad and well-wooded Kemple End, above the vale of the Hodder. On one of the slopes of Longridge fell we see the stately home of the Jesuits, once the hall of the Sherburnes, the towers of Stonyhurst and the pinnacles of St. Peter's Church towering above the lofty woods that grace that most interesting region,

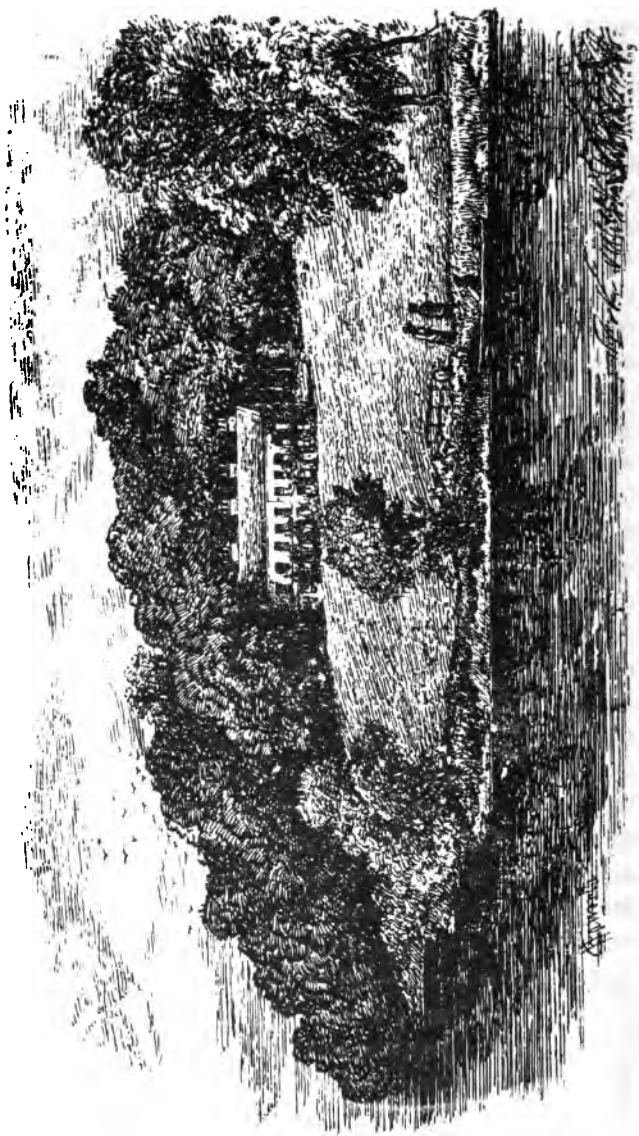
Then, more northward, we see the Bleasdale fells, and Parlick, as if keeping 'watch and ward' over ancient 'Chepin.' Then there are Bowland fells, and Radholme Laund, and the heights of Browsholme, the home of the Parkers, so long the bow-bearers of the forest of Bowland. Then near us are Waddington fells, and still nearer again the smaller hill of Waddow. We see, on the Ribble's bank, the grey tower of Mitton Church, where so many of the Sherburnes are interred; and in the valley, just over the Ribble, is Waddington, the home for a time of the unfortunate Henry VI., and the house (Waddington Hall) where he was betrayed, and close by the Ribble, on the Lancashire side of the river, is the wood where he was taken. Eastward we see Chatburn, and the windings of the Ribble, and beyond, the beautiful Ribblesdale, a district of great historic interest, the view in this direction being bounded by the hills above Settle, including Fountains fell, so called for having been part of the possessions of the monks of Fountains, perhaps the most important and the most powerful of the many religious houses of England, and the ruins of which are now the most extensive and probably the most beautiful."*

At the foot of the precipitous rock on which the Castle keep stands is the residence of the steward of the honour of Clitheroe,—a modern castellated mansion, where are kept the rolls of the court of the honour, some of them dating back as far as the reign of Henry VII.

Brungerley Bridge.—Waddow Hall.—The Ribble.

Passing through Clitheroe, on the Road to Waddington, we soon come to Brungerley Bridge. This bridge, of three

* "Rambles by the Ribble."



WADDOW HALL, NEAR OLITHEROE.

arches, replaced a wooden one which was washed down in 1814. Previous to the erection of the wooden structure, the only way of reaching Waddington from Clitheroe was by fording the river at this point, by means of stepping-stones, or "hipping-stones," which could only be accomplished safely when the river was low. Let us descend, and walk a little way down by the side of the river. The Clitheronians are proud of their share of the river; and they have good reason to be, for there are few parts of it grander than that which flows between Brungerley Bridge and Mitton Bridge. Look at that house on the opposite side of the river. That is Waddow Hall. Was ever house situated on a site more beautiful than that? It is transcendently beautiful, lying as it does at the foot of an eminence covered with trees, which completely shelter it on three sides, and having in front a fine sloping lawn, at the bottom of which the Ribble dashes; while on the high ground on the Lancashire side of the river (for Waddow Hall is in Yorkshire) fine well-wooded sweeps present themselves, which are crowned by the square keep of Clitheroe Castle, and, in the distance, by the never-failing Pendle. The country round about is rich, covered with fine trees, and will in itself well repay the visitor. If you wish to enjoy this part of the river thoroughly, you can be accommodated with a boat by enquiring at the house near the bridge, and then you may row gently along up the stream, and in this way can the full effect of its loveliness be best appreciated.

Peg o' Nell's Well.

The neighbourhood we are now in furnishes matter for two chapters in Roby's "Traditions of Lancashire," viz.,

"The Demon of the Well," and "Dule upo' Dun." The former is a mere childish tradition, and has reference to the evil influences of a stone image (probably brought from the abbey of Sawley, or Whalley,) that formerly stood close by a well, called "Peggy's Well," which latter may yet be seen near the brink of the river in the field below Waddow Hall. In a superstitious age, before the building of the bridge which spans the Ribble a little higher up, and when the only means of crossing the stream was by a number of stepping-stones placed in the river, any accident, whether fatal or not, which chanced to result from this insecure mode of transit—and in times of flood it was not uncommon to hear of some calamity—was usually ascribed to the malevolence of this stone figure, which is conjectured to have been the representation of some popular saint, invested by superstition with revengeful powers, exercised in consequence of its desecration from its once holy purpose. Others assert that Peggy was formerly a maid-of-all-work at Waddow Hall, whose duty it was to fetch water from this well for the use of the inmates. On one occasion, in winter, when the ground was covered with snow, just before going to the well she had had a quarrel with her mistress, who wished that she might fall and break her neck! This wish was gratified to the fullest extent; and Peggy, to be revenged on her evil-wisher, used nightly to revisit the Hall, "in ghostly shape," to the great dismay of the domestics. Other stories are related of her "goings on" in the neighbourhood, all of which are so childishly ridiculous that they are not worth repeating.

"Dule upo' Dun,"

however, has such a raciness about it, such a truly

Lancashire flavour, that few would be willing to let it die. The spot where the public-house once stood, bearing the sign which commemorated the event, is on the left hand side of the road leading to Waddington, near the entrance to the Roman Catholic Cemetery, and before coming to Brungerley Bridge. The house has long since ceased to exist, and is not even in the recollection of that most respectable and oft-referred-to individual—the oldest inhabitant. Here is the story, in as few words as possible:—

Nicholas Gosford was a tailor by trade, and in times gone by occupied part of the house whose locality we have described. Nicholas was honest, for he cabbaged only a quarter of the cloth entrusted to him, and good-natured, but he had a great fault—that of being too fond of drink. The money which should have supplied him and his wife with the necessaries of life never could get past the door of the Brownlow Arms, so that Nicholas was always miserably poor. One evening, as he, with some of his companions, was sitting at the kitchen fire of his favourite haunt,

Where village statesmen talk'd with looks profound,
And news much older than their ale went round,

a stranger was announced. He was bronzed by travel, and indeed he had seen much of the world, as evidenced by the many wonderful tales he related to the gaping Clitheronians assembled round the ingle of the Brownlow Arms. In the course of conversation, he mentioned a young man in the south of England who had gained immense riches through the agency of the devil, and told them the incantations he had used. This appeared to strike Nicholas greatly, for he dropped several hints about it after closing time. The next morning, taking advantage of his wife's absence at a neighbour's, he ventured to perform the wonderful operation, and immediately the tempter, with two attendant imps, stood before him. With a terrific voice he asked Nicholas what he wanted with him. The poor tailor, nearly frightened to death, declared that he wanted nothing. The demon, in a rage, replied that he would punish him most severely if he did not tell him what he raised him for.

"Make me rich, my lord," exclaimed Nicholas.

"Now you speak reasonably," said the demon. "I will grant you three wishes, which must be the first that either you or your wife make when you meet; but, in return, you must give me your soul at the end of twenty years."

Nicholas would fain have refused, but on the attendant imps beginning to torture him he assented, and the bond was written with his blood, and regularly signed and sealed.

When his wife came back she could give him nothing but oat-cake and butter for his breakfast. Nicholas could not eat, and his wife observed, "I wish we had a nice backstone of our own, for I could bake much better cakes than I can buy."

A good backstone was immediately placed on the fire by some invisible hand.

Nicholas flew into a passion, and said, "I wish the blooming thing was smashed into a thousand pieces!" It was instantly done.

The poor tailor, thrown into a cold sweat, now revealed the whole story to his wife, who advised him to consult the Prior of Whalley. He declined to do this, saying, "They would burn me for having dealings with the devil, and I had better go to hell in twenty years than right away."

The next morning, when Nicholas got up, he saw that he wanted shaving very badly, and he remarked, "I wish I had a can of warm water here."

A can was immediately placed on the table, and Nicholas was as far from riches as ever. In despair, he and his wife consulted what they should do, and they resolved to ask the advice of the hermit of Pendle, whom Nicholas had once saved from drowning. The hermit advised him to lead a reformed life, and to be assured that God would not forsake those who served him faithfully.

Time rolled rapidly on. Nicholas reformed in character, became the father of two children, a boy and a girl. His business increased, and he was employed by the first families in the neighbourhood. But at last the twenty years expired, and the hermit of Pendle and Nicholas's wife remained praying in an inner room while Nicholas himself, armed with holy water and a missal, courageously waited in the shop for the arrival of the fiend. He came, and claimed Nicholas, shewing him the bond.

"I do not," said Gosford, "deny my signature; but you must allow that you used me very scurvily respecting those three wishes, which never did me any manner of good."

The demon demanded the due fulfilment of the bond. Nicholas tried to evade it, and at last succeeded, for the devil allowed him one wish more, advising him to wish something good for his family. The door was open, and Nicholas seeing a dun horse grazing in the lane, said, "My lord, I take thee at thy word; I therefore wish that thou wert riding into hell upon yonder dun horse, and never be able to return again to earth to plague either me or any other poor mortal."

The demon uttered a yell that was heard as far as Colne; the bond dropped from his hand; an invisible power placed him upon the dun horse, and he was carried away over Pendle Hill with the swiftness of "greased lightning."

Nicholas, after he had so happily got rid of his unwelcome visitor, set up an inn, with the sign "Dule upo' Dun;" and thousands of persons came from all parts of the world to see the only man who had ever fairly outwitted "th' ould lad."

Waddington Hall.

Two miles beyond Brungerley Bridge, and we are at Waddington—a very clean, neat-looking village, with a clear rivulet running through it, over which is a small picturesque bridge. The Church, which is nearly surrounded by tall trees, is a fine-looking edifice, with a square embattled tower of the reign of Henry VIII.; and as for the churchyard,

‘Tis a nook
Most pleasant. Such a one perchance did Gray
Frequent, as with a vagrant muse he wanton’d.

Obscure as Waddington is, it yet holds a place in English history. Close to the little bridge just mentioned, standing a little from the road, with a large garden in front, is Waddington Hall—a whitewashed farm-house, consisting of a centre with two gables. It is only a mean-looking house, with some small ancient windows, but over four centuries ago it was for more than a twelvemonth the residence of an English monarch; indeed, its sole interest is connected with one of the most pitiable of kings.

Henry VI. had the misfortune to come into possession of the throne while yet a minor. He was surrounded by wily relations, and served by ambitious and disquieted nobles. A war in France kept in nearly one unbroken course of failure, under the enthusiastic pressure and fervid onslaught of Joan of Arc. A *jacquerie* broke out at home. Not the least among his evils, he married a queen who had a strong mind and an iron will, while Henry was the slenderest of reeds. Worst of all, there was a rival that claimed his crown. Civil war broke out. The roses were dyed in blood. Henry was deposed. Under

the auspices of the queen, fighting was more than once renewed, carried on with various issues, but always to the injury of the imbecile Henry. At last the king was forced to flee for his life, and conceal himself wherever he could find a lurking-place. The north afforded him friends. In the thickly-populated parts of Lancashire he was harboured with something like affection; but it is not to be supposed, whatever the fidelity of tried friends may have been, that even a king, whose distempered body inflicted maladies, and at times almost idiocy on his mind, could in any case have excited any strong feelings of respect, though it is not to be denied that Dr. Whitaker has conjectured, from certain expressions in the records of the house, that Henry was sainted by the authorities of Whalley Abbey. A most diligent search was made after him throughout the country, and he might have remained concealed at Waddington but for the treachery of his so-called friends. Leland has thus related the manner in which the unfortunate king was betrayed and abused on seeking a temporary refuge here from his enemies :—

In A.D. 1464, King Henry was taken in Clitherwoode by side of Brangerley hiping stones in Lancastershyre, by Tho: Talbot, sunne and heir to Sir Edmunde Talbot of Bashall, and John Talbot, his cousin, of Colebry, which deceived him, being at his dynyr in Wadyngton Haul, and brought him to London, with his legges bounde to the sterropes.

This account which Leland gives from an ancient chronicle agrees with the tradition of the county, that he was betrayed by Thomas Talbot, of Bashall, and John, his cousin. The house was beset, when the king contrived to escape, and fled towards the river, hoping to put that between himself and his enemies. His pursuers, however, were

too many and too eager for him. He was captured, some say while attempting to ford the river, others after he had forded it and fled into the wood close by. He was conducted to London in the most ignominious manner, with his legs fastened to the stirrups of the sorry nag on which he was mounted, and an insulting placard fixed to his shoulders. Rymer has preserved the grant of a reward to the Talbots for this service, dated from Westminster, 9th July, 1465. At this time Waddington belonged to the Tempests, who inherited it by virtue of the marriage of their ancestor, Sir Roger, in the reign of Edward I., with Alice, daughter and heiress of Walter de Waddington.

The Hall, as we have intimated, has lost all appearance of greatness. The "king's room," however, has an old oaken floor, and the walls are very thick. "Henry's staircase, winding and narrow, is built of stone.

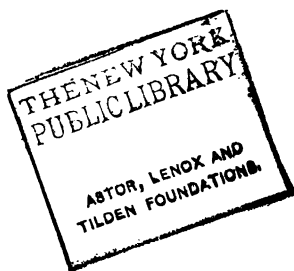


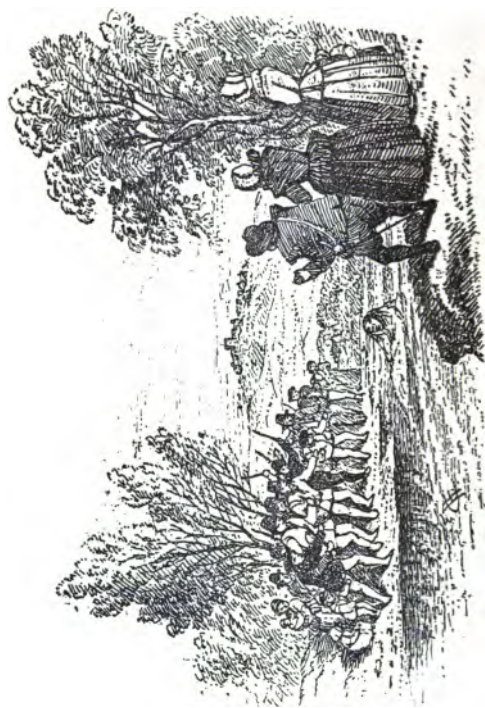
Pendle Hill.

Majestic Pendle's hoary crest,
In grandeur soars above the rest ;
The king of all he may be crowned,
A landmark to the country round ;
Upon his broad and swelling side
Are fissures riven, gaping wide.
His giant form, with herbage scant,
Lies prostrate like an elephant,—
His mighty trunk he stretches forth
Defiant towards the stormy north.



HO has not heard or read of
Pendle Hill and its witches ?
And who, having heard or
read of it, and the glorious
prospect to be obtained from
its broad summit, has not
felt a desire to ascend the
historic and mighty "wooper
of winds and parent of
streams," to see for himself
a place possessing not merely
local but almost universal
interest, made familiar to
everybody by the pen of one
of our most distinguished
novelists, and participate in
the enjoyment to be procured





FLOATING A WITCH.

from the contemplation of an assemblage of objects "upon which the eye, the memory, and the imagination repose with equal delight" ?

As we journey towards this famous Lancashire mountain, we may as well divert ourselves with a brief recollection of the grim story of the superstitions of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, when whole districts in some parts of Lancashire seemed contaminated with the presence of witches ; when learned judges and grave juries sat and deliberated on cases of people being killed or disabled by witchcraft ; and when even an English monarch (misnamed the "British Solomon") could lend his aid in the persecution of miserably ignorant and deluded wretches, frightened into the confession of having made overtures with the Evil One for the possession of the soul of some hapless wight, who had nothing to do but declare himself bewitched in order to effectually complete his vengeance upon the unhappy victim of his caprice ! In the present day we look back with a degree of wonder on this preposterous aberration of the human mind, and think how strange and humiliating that all this prejudice, imposture, and cruelty, should have received the solemn sanction of the most learned and devout men ; clergymen of every degree, from popes to presbyters ; kings, legislators, and judges ; and private citizens of every quality and profession.

Throughout the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, a notion was universally entertained that the devil and subordinate evil spirits went about, sometimes in visible shape, seducing poor human nature. To gain their wicked designs, they were supposed to tempt men, but more particularly aged women, by conferring on them supernatural

powers; as, for example, that of riding through the air, and operating vengefully and secretly on the health and happiness of those against whom they had any real or imaginary cause of offence. Such "trafficking with the powers of darkness," as it was technically called, was witchcraft, and according both to the letter of Scripture and of civil law, was a crime punishable with death. Like all popular manias, the witchcraft delusion had its paroxysms. At the height of its successive paroxysms, no one, whatever his rank or character, was safe from an accusation of trafficking with evil spirits. There was only one means of escaping suspicion, and that was to become an accuser. To disbelieve in witchcraft was one proof of the person's guilt or complicity; and in order to avoid the tremendous consequences which would certainly follow, people readily assumed the proper degree of credulity; and to mark their detestation of the crime, as well as secure themselves from attack, they hastened to denounce acquaintances and neighbours. Nothing could be more easy of accomplishment. Pretending to fall sick or go into convulsions, or to have a strange pain in some part of the body or limbs, people were certainly bewitched! Any sudden storm at sea causing the wreck of vessels, the sudden death of a neighbour's cow, or failure in churning milk for butter, were sure signs of diabolical agency. On the occasion of every unforeseen catastrophe, therefore, or the occurrence of any unforeseen malady, the question was immediately agitated, "Who is the Witch?" Then was the time for querulous old men or women in the neighbourhood to tremble! Long suspected of carrying on a correspondence with demons, they were seized and sub-

mitted to every sort of ordeal, such as being weighed against the church Bible; forced to weep, for it was supposed that a witch could only shed three tears—and those only from the left eye;—and the royal wiseacre had set it down in his *Demonologie*, “Not so much as their eyes are able to shed tears, albeit the womenkind especially be able otherwise to shed tears at every light occasion when they will, yea, though it were dissemblingly, like the crocodile.” Again, they were set on a stool for twenty-four hours, with their legs tied across, and suffered neither to eat, drink, nor sleep during the time. This was reckoned a sure way, next to swimming, of making the unhappy wretch confess her guilt. If these means failed, the suspected witch was then cast, with her thumbs and toes tied across, into a pond, and if she did not instantly sink she was certainly a witch! In making these charges and testifying to them, children and young women appear to have in many cases excelled; the probability being that, besides a mere spirit of mischief, they enjoyed amusement from the consternation they were able to produce.

Brief Account of the Witches of Pendle.

The Forest of Pendle stretches in a long but interrupted descent of five miles to the Water of Pendle, a barren and dreary tract. Dr. Whitaker observed of this and the neighbouring forests—and the remark even yet holds good—“that they still bear the marks of original barrenness and recent cultivation; that they are still distinguished from the ancient freehold tracts around them, by want of old houses, old woods, high fences (for these were prohibited by the forest laws); by peculiarities of dialect

and manners in their inhabitants ; and lastly, by a general air of poverty, which all the opulence of manufacturers cannot remove." In the early part of the seventeenth century, the inhabitants of this district must have been, with few exceptions, a wretchedly poor and uncultivated race, having little communication with the occupants of the more fertile regions around them, and in whose minds superstition must have had absolute and uncontrollable domination. At the beginning of the reign of James I., and at the period when his execrable statute against witchcraft * might have been sharpening its appetite by a temporary fast for the full meal of blood by which it was eventually glutted—for as yet it could count no recorded victims—two wretched old women, with their families, resided in the Forest of Pendle. Their names were Elizabeth Southernes and Ann Whittle, better known, in the chronicles of witchcraft, by the appellations of "Old Demdike" and "Old Chattox." Both had attained or reached the verge of the advanced age of 80, and were evidently in a state of extreme poverty, subsisting with their families by casual employment, by begging, but principally, perhaps, by the assumption of that unlawful power which commerce with the spirits of evil was supposed to procure, and of which their sex, life, appearance, and peculiarities might seem to the prejudiced neighbourhood in the Forest to render them not unsuitable depositaries. According to Potts, who

* By this statute it was enacted "that all persons invoking any evil spirit, or concealing, covenanting with, entertaining, employing, feeding, or rewarding any evil spirit; or taking up dead bodies from their graves to be used in any witchcraft, sorcery, charm, or enchantment; or killing or otherwise hurting any person by such infernal arts, shall be guilty of felony without benefit of clergy, and suffer death."

wrote a treatise on the "Discovery of Witches," published in 1613, Old Demdike was a general agent for the devil in all these parts, no one escaping her or her furies that ever gave them occasion of offence, or denied them anything they were in need of. The justices of the peace in this part of the country, having learned that Malkin Tower, in the Forest of Pendle, the residence of Old Demdike and her daughter, was the resort of the witches, ventured to arrest their head, and another of her followers, and to commit them to Lancaster Castle. When the old witch had been sent to Lancaster Castle, a grand convocation of seventeen witches and three wizards was held at Malkin Tower, on Good Friday, at which it was determined to kill Mr. Covell, the governor of the Castle, and to blow up the building, to enable the witches to make their escape. The business being ended, it was alleged that the witches, on quitting the meeting, walked out of the Tower in their proper shapes, but on reaching the door each mounted his or her spirit, which was in the form of a young horse, and quickly vanished. Before the assizes, Old Demdike, worn out by age and trouble, died in prison. Old Chattox—who is described by Potts as a very old, withered, spent, and decrepit creature, 80 years of age, and nearly blind, a dangerous witch, always opposed to Old Demdike—was arraigned before Sir Edward Bromley, and charged with having exercised various wicked and devilish arts called witchcraft, enchantments, charms, and sorceries, upon one Robert Nutter, of Greenhead, in the Forest of Pendle, and with having by force thereof feloniously killed him. She was further charged with having caused the death of one John Device, who had agreed to give Old Chattox a dole

of meal yearly if she would not hurt him, and that when he ceased to make this annual tribute he took to his bed and died. It was also deposed against her that, without using a churn, she had produced a quantity of butter from a dish of skimmed milk! In the face of all this evidence, and no longer anxious about her own life, she acknowledged her guilt. At these assizes nine other persons were convicted of witchcraft on evidence equally absurd. The appearance of one of them, named Elizabeth Device, as described by Potts, was the reverse of bewitching. "She was branded," says he, "with a preposterous mark in nature; her left eye standing lower than her right; the one looking down and the other up at the same time."

The "learned" judge, in passing sentence on the convicted prisoners, said that they, of all people, had the least cause of complaint, since on the trial for their lives there had been much care and pains taken, and what persons of their nature and condition were ever arraigned and tried with so much solemnity? The court had taken great care to receive nothing in evidence against them but matter of fact. [To prove the guilt of one of the prisoners, evidence was received that it was the opinion of a man not in court that she had turned his beer sour.] Their fate, he further said, would rather move compassion than exasperate any man; for whom would not the ruin of so many poor creatures at one time touch, as in appearance simple, and of little understanding? But the blood of those little innocent children [whom they had bewitched] and others his Majesty's subjects, whom cruelly and barbarously they had cut off, cried unto the Lord for vengeance. It was impossible that they, who were stained with so much

innocent blood, should either prosper or continue in this world, or receive reward in the next. Having thus shut the door of hope, both as to this life and the future, his Lordship concluded by urging the wretched victims of superstition to repentance! and concluded by sentencing them all to be hanged. They were executed at Lancaster, on the 20th of August, 1612, for having bewitched to death, "by devilish practices and hellish means," no fewer than sixteen inhabitants of the Forest of Pendle.

Other trials took place, upon evidence equally frivolous and ridiculous; and, mortifying reflection! the great Sir Thomas Browne, author of the book against vulgar errors, and Glanvil, one of the promoters of the Royal Society, which was instituted expressly for the detection of error and establishment of truth, were sad instances of credulity in this most absurd of all popular absurdities.

The Hill and its Surroundings.

Perhaps the shortest cut for the traveller by the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway to gain the summit of the hill is to alight at Chatburn and walk on to Worston—a pleasant walk through green lanes of barely two miles. Proceed up the lane nearly opposite the Pendle Hotel, keeping to the left; past the Calf's Head Inn (a somewhat singular sign for a public-house), and through the quaint village of Worston. Truly rural is Worston; babbling brooks on every side of you,

Hasting to pay their tribute to the sea,
Like mortal life to meet eternity.

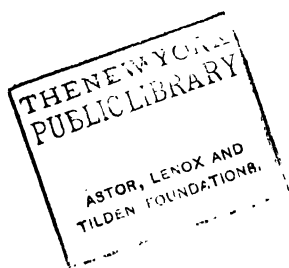
Presently you come to where the lane diverges right and left. Take the left, and follow it to the end—only a short

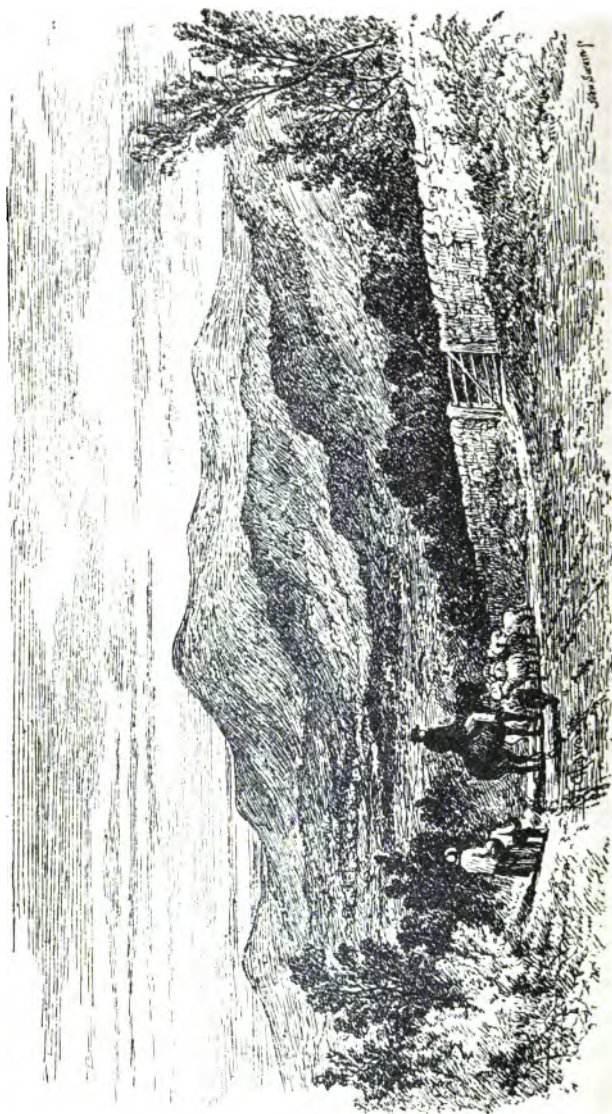
lane—then turn to the right, with the broad side of the hill before you. A gate at the top of this lane gives entrance to the foot of Pendle; but where is his head? The great black mass that we see frowning upon us from nearly every part of the valley below has disappeared, and a light, springy, green turf is all we see before us. Follow the cart track; don't be in a hurry, but spare your lungs as much as possible; for you are going to climb the "big end" of Pendle, after which, according to Dr. Spencer Hall, you ought to be at once enrolled an honorary member of the Alpine Club. How the view of the valley behind enlarges as you get higher! Clitheroe looks small; Chatburn, with its modest church-spire peeping out above the trees, lies snugly; and what a bold front Downham Hall, to the right, presents! Behind Downham is Sawley, and further, on the right of Sawley, you get a glimpse of Bolton Church.

Excelsior! Ay, but this is a pull-up! There is his head! What a height it seems; and nearly perpendicular! No more light, springy, green turf, but a soft, peaty substance, which gives way at every step. These stones, too, are very treacherous, for they afford no foundation for the feet. Just a short rest, and another survey of the scene below.

Heavens! what a goodly prospect spreads around
Of hills, and dales, and woods, and lawns, and spires,
And glittering towns, and ocean wide; till all
The stretching landscape into smoke decays.

What a long way off Stonyhurst looks, and how insignificant appears Clitheroe Castle! The ascending smoke from the mill shafts of Whalley, Barrow, and Clitheroe, vanishes before it reaches our level; we breath an atmosphere untainted, free, and invigorative.





PENDLE HILL, FROM WHALLEY NEW ROAD.

Excelsior ! Another effort and we reach the top. And what a top ! Why, there is many a town stands upon less ground than we have here. Well might Dr. Whitaker say of it, "It is an enormous mass of matter ; the whole extent of it cannot be estimated at less than 25 miles, or 15,000 statute acres." You are now 1,850 feet above sea level, and, with the exception of the Furness Fells, the highest ground you can tread upon in Lancashire. That is something, to be sure ; but it is not all. You may climb many a higher hill in neighbouring counties, but where will you find such a rich, such an extensive, such a beautiful valley as the one which, like a chart, lies spread at your feet ?

We have already surveyed some of the nearer views in our progress up the hill, let us glance towards the horizon and take in those that are more distant. Towards the west the sea is very distinguishable, and the Isle of Man, Piel Castle, the busy town of Barrow-in-Furness, and the vast range of Cumberland and Westmorland hills, with other of the British Apennines lying further north, come under our observation. Then we have the keep of Lancaster Castle, the towers of York Minster, and the land stretching towards the German Ocean, as far as the powers of the eye can extend ; while in an easterly direction, Penyghent, Ingleborough, and the whole of the West Riding of Yorkshire, with the numerous interesting objects that dignify that wild and romantic region, come under review.

It is just 230 years since George Fox, the founder of the Quakers, coming into Lancashire from Yorkshire, stood upon this very spot, surveyed the same extensive

view, and afterwards made the following entry in his Journal:—

As we travelled we came near a very great high hill, called Pendle Hill, and I was moved of the Lord to go up to the top of it, which I did with much ado, it was so very steep and high. When I came to the top, I saw the sea bordering upon Lancashire. From the top of this hill the Lord let me see in what places he had a great people to be gathered. As I went down I found a spring of water in the side of the hill, with which I refreshed myself, having eaten or drunk but little several days before. At night we came to an inn, and declared truth to the man of the house, and wrote a paper to the priests and professors, declaring the Day of the Lord, and that Christ was come to teach people Himself, by his power and spirit in their hearts. . . . The man of the house spread the paper abroad, and was himself mightily affected with the truth. Here the Lord opened to me to see a great people in white raiment by a river-side. . . . The next day we travelled on, and at night got a little fern to put under us, and lay upon a common.

Pendle is particularly interesting from a geological point of view, for an observer on its summit overlooks some of the most instructive formations in the north of England. It is also remarkable as having been subject to sudden and vast discharges of water, amounting to innundations, one of which, happening in the year 1580, is mentioned by Camden; and Mr. Charles Towneley, writing to Mr. Richard Towneley in the year 1669, describes a "mighty torrent" issuing from the north-west end, on the 18th of August in that year, and says, "The water gushed out from the top of the hill in such quantities, and so suddenly, that it made a breast a yard high, and continued running for about two hours. The houses in the village of Worston, at a distance of two miles from the point of irruption, were so completely innundated that the furniture in the lower rooms was set afloat by the turbid stream." Immense as must have been the body of water discharged at this time, Mr. Towneley describes it as much less than

that which burst forth from Pendle Hill in the year 1580, which made two cloughs or dingles, and are to this day called Burst, or "Brast," Clough. These phenomena are supposed to originate in the accumulation of water in a large natural subterraneous reservoir, which, when the pressure becomes too strong to be resisted, forces its way out between the rock and the peaty encrustation with which it is covered.



Sawley Abbey.

Deep stillness reigns, where priestly rite
And solemn dirge have blended ;
Quench'd is the taper's hallow'd light,
The vigil hours are ended :
The mutter'd orison no more
Ascends, as it was wont of yore.



FROM Clitheroe, a short ride of about a mile-and-a-half brings us to Chatburn,—a pretty village, made rather busy with the manufacture and exportation of lime, carried on at the extensive lime works called the “Bold Venture and “Salthill” lime works, situated near to the entrance of the station. This is the nearest station to Sawley Abbey. There is not much to notice in Chatburn. Its Church is a neat little edifice, in the Romanesque style, built in 1838, with a tower and spire at the west end. We pass this Church on our road to Sawley, and a pleasanter walk can scarcely be conceived. The winding Ribble is

on our left nearly all the way, and for some distance before we reach the village, it may be seen meandering in graceful curves along the fertile valley beneath us.

A gentle stream

Adown the vale its serpent courses winds,
Seen here and there, through breaks of trees, to gleam,
Gilding their dancing boughs with noon's reflected beams.

Salley, or to give it the more euphonious and better known name of Sawley, is, as every one knows, a township in Yorkshire, where once flourished a Cistercian abbey, that in its day held large possessions and wielded great influence, the ruins of which are very interesting, but not so considerable as those of Whalley. But if they are not so considerable, they are more easy of access than those of Whalley; and the visitor whose organ of veneration is moderately developed, will be pleased to find that due care is bestowed upon these ancient and venerable remains, which are enclosed by a high stone wall, the guide's house being placed at one angle, fronting the road. A fee of twopence (to keep the place select) gives admission to the grounds; and if the guide be not present in person, Mr. John Harland's "Historical Account of Salley Abbey" is kindly lent to supply his place. To this work we are chiefly indebted for the following particulars relating to these interesting remains.

Historical Sketch of the Abbey.

The abbey was founded in the year 1147, by William Baron Percy, grandson of the William de Perci who accompanied the Conqueror to England, and obtained from him large possessions in Craven. It is situated about three miles from Clitheroe, on the east bank of the Ribble,

"in one of those well wooded and watered spots, with a fishery at hand, in which the monks of old time delighted to dwell." It seems to have been a rule with "the monks of old" always to build these religious houses in secluded places, remote from the haunts of men, and not in towns or villages; and a more retired spot than this quiet nook could scarcely be imagined. Like the abbeys of Whalley, Furness, Bolton, and Kirkstall, Sawley Abbey was founded for monks of the Cistercian order, one Benedict, from Fountains Abbey, being the first abbot. At the dissolution in 1536-7, William Trafford, the twenty-first and last abbot, like John Paslew, the abbot of Whalley, took part in the monkish insurrection, called the Pilgrimage of Grace, for which he was tried at the Lancaster Assizes, found guilty, and executed on the 10th March, 1537—two days before his brother abbot and conspirator, John Paslew, met a similar fate at Whalley. After this the demenses of the abbey, together with all manors, messuages, &c., thereto belonging, were granted by Henry VIII., in the 30th year of his reign, to Sir Arthur Darcy; and in the third year of Queen Elizabeth (1560-1) his son Henry was in possession of it. The next owner whose name is recorded is Sir James Hey, who possessed it in 1615, and who was created by the King (James I.) Baron Salley and Earl of Carlisle. He died in 1636, and his son James next owned it, and then his daughter Margaret, Countess of Warwick. From her, the township passed to the Weddell family, and afterwards to Earl de Grey. On his death, in 1860, the manor and estates of Sawley became the property of his daughter, the Dowager Countess Cowper, the present owner.

The Remains.

Few similar institutions in this country have suffered more at the hands of the destroyer than Sawley Abbey. The straggling village has been built out of its spoils, and the stones have been carried away as far as Gisburn, leaving simply scattered mounds of ivy-covered ruins. The guide resides in a jumbled-up house, in part constructed upon the site and of the materials of the abbot's house. The visitor, having made known his desire to see the ruins, and paid the small fee before mentioned, is admitted within the abbey precincts, narrowed greatly as regards their pristine extent, but still including an area of three or four acres. Advancing a few paces, he has a good general view of the remains, on which time has left an impression which may well make us muse on "this world's passing pageant."

The ivy now in rude luxuriance bends
Its tangled foliage through the cloistered space,
O'er the green windows' mould'ring height ascends,
And fondly clasps it in a last embrace.

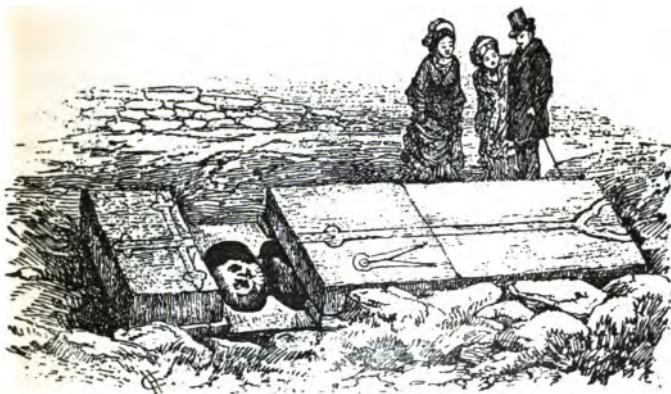
The highest point of masonry in the centre is the south-west angle of the church nave; the open arch near it is in the wall separating the cloisters from the south transept of the church, and this door gives communication from the one to the other. At the extreme left is seen an arched place, which was probably the fire-place; the outer arch is of stone, and the remains of a brick oven are shown in a corner. In the apartment west of the north transept, and connected with it, also flanking the nave on its north side, will be seen a recess on its south side. This is within a cusped arch, and is the piscina, with three bowls excavated in its stone sill. Among other architectural curiosities

is a semi-subterranean passage, to which the visitor descends by three or four steps, and again ascends from it into the common refectory or day-room. Tradition has it that this passage extended as far as Whalley Abbey, a distance of about seven miles !

The next object which claims the attention of the visitor is the abbey church. It is after the form of a Latin cross, being 185 feet long, of which the nave is only 40 feet, while the choir occupies 116 feet. The length across the transepts is 125 feet. In almost all other churches the nave is considerably longer than the choir. Previous to the year 1848, the floor of the church, of the cloisters, the chapter-house, and other parts of the abbey, as well as the partition walls, bases of columns, &c., were hidden beneath masses of rubbish and soil, the accumulations of ages. In that year, the farmer who rented the soil from Earl de Grey, wishing to make a communication with the land lying on the west side of the ruins, in excavating through a doorway found a wall, and on sinking deeper came to a flagstone on the level of the present floor. He told Lord de Grey's agent of this, and received from him instructions to employ a number of poor persons, out of work, in excavating within the church, and in this way the floor of the edifice was gradually laid bare, and saw the light of day once more, after its concealment beneath the superincumbent soil and rubbish for centuries.

The reverend pile lay wild and waste,
Profaned, dishonoured, and defaced ;
Through storied lattices no more
In softened light the sunbeams pour,
Gilding the Gothic sculpture rich
Of shrine, and monument, and niche.

Then were found tessellated pavements, glazed floor tiles,



STONE COFFIN, SAWLEY ABBEY.



SEMI-SUBTERRANEAN PASSAGE, SAWLEY ABBEY.

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATION

and in the church five flat slab tombstones, and within the chapter-house a stone coffin, inclosing human bones, the only one hitherto found within the abbey precincts. To these monumental remains an historical and a critical notice has been assigned by Mr. Harland, to whose work we would refer the curious for full particulars. We shall here merely notice them sufficiently to identify them and point out their positions.

A flat slab, forming the doorstep or threshold of the north door of the church, has incised upon it a cross within a sunk circle, and beneath it a Latin or sword-like cross, with pointed foot. Another slab near it has a floriated cross incised within a circle, the stem resting on a calvary, on the sinister side a sword, on the dexter a something which has given rise to much speculation as to its real nature and use. Immediately eastward of this, in one of the chapels, is another monumental slab, which has had a brass effigy of an ecclesiastic let into its centre, and it still bears a bordering inscription, extending throughout its exterior edges, which shows it to be the tomb of Sir Robert de Clyderhow, rector of Wigan. In the same chapel there is what appears to have been an altar. Crossing to the south transept, in another chapel, is a slab on which two ornamental crosses are incised side by side. Their date is supposed to be of the latter part of the fourteenth century. In the vault beneath were found two skeletons, probably of brothers. The remaining monumental slab within the church is near the south door, and is known by its inscription to be that of William de Bymyngton, once prior of this abbey. The stone coffin in the chapter-house, has an incised cross on the lid and the

representation of a pair of shears, the latter typical of a female; and an examination of the skeleton within the coffin has proved that a female was buried there. There is no clue as to who the lady was, whether connected with the founders or not. Antiquarians assign it to the thirteenth century. Formerly a portion of the coffin lid was removed by the guide for every party of visitors to view the remains; but this has very properly been discontinued.

Passing out of the abbey precincts, we shortly come to two gateways, one a few yards within the other, nearly spanning the highroad. They are of modern construction, evidently built from the ruins; and by way of ornament, but without taste or judgment, various carved slabs of stone have been built into their faces. In a niche is a broken statue of the Virgin and Child, with the inscription in Latin, "Holy Mary, pray for us."

Sawley Abbey is a favourite resort of pic-nic parties; and it is not unusual for the visitor, while meditating among the tombs of the departed monks, and awed at the deathlike stillness which prevails around him, to be startled by the loud laugh of somebody composing one of these parties, or by the evocation of some other sound forcibly calling to mind an episode recorded by the author of the "Ingoldsby Legends," in his Legend of Netley Abbey:—

Sublime in ruin!—grand in woe!
 Lone refuge of the owl and bat;
 No voice awakes thine echoes now!
 No sound—Good Gracious!—what was that?
 Was it the moan, The parting groan
 Of her who died, forlorn and alone,
 Embedded in mortar, and bricks, and stone?
 Full and clear On my listening ear
 It comes—again—near, and more near—
 Why 'zooks! it's the popping of Ginger Beer!

Bolton Hall and Church.

Crossing the bridge over the Ribble behind the inn at Sawley, there is a very pleasant walk through the fields of about two miles to the ancient village of Bolton-by-Bowland. Bolton Hall was for many years the residence of the Pudsay family, one of whom, tradition informs us, having found a mine of silver on his estate, set up a mint of his own, coined a number of shillings, and on being detected and pursued, made his escape by taking the perilous leap on horseback over the precipitous rock above the river, known to this day as "Pudsay's Leap." When Henry VI. fled from the lost battle of Hexham, he found, for some time, an unsuspected asylum at Bolton Hall, where an ancient oak-pannelled room is still called "King Henry's parlour." The glove, boot, and spoon, which he presented to his kind host, Sir Ralph Pudsay, were exhibited at Kensington Museum in 1862.

The Church is an old structure, and contains many curious monuments of the Pudseys, all of whom are interred here.



Gisburn.

The statesman, lawyer, merchant, man of trade,
Pants for the refuge of some rural shade,
Where all his long anxieties forgot,
He views the charms of some sequestered spot.



LEAVING the pretty little station of Chatburn, we are drawn for a considerable distance between two high banks of limestone rock, and shortly arrive at Rimington. Passing Rimington, which presents no feature of interest, we enter fairly into the pastoral realm of Craven, our first view of it from the train lying to the left of the track as we hurry towards Gisburn. Looking in the direction of Settle, the towering Ingleborough—542 feet higher than our

familiar Pendle—with Penyghent by its side, can be seen in the distance, forming a fitting background to the well

timbered undulating country in the fore, the scene being perfected with a passing glimpse of the Ribble, rippling by the foot of the railway embankment, and adding the one thing needful—a stretch of water to complete the beauty of the landscape. We have scarcely time to take our eyes off this view before the train stops at Gisburn station, the first object that catches the attention being the short curved tunnel through Gisburn Park, built in a pretty castellated style, with turrets, battlements, &c., of Yorkshire stone, relieved with red sandstone dressings.

Gisburn is five-and-a-half miles from Chatburn and eighteen from Blackburn. Situated in the midst of fat pastures, it is celebrated for the production of well-fed cattle, and also for its cattle market, held every alternate Monday, the show of cattle which takes place on these occasions being usually of a very superior kind, such as to make one who is interested in cattle only as far as dinner is concerned exclaim,

Oh! the roast beef of old England,
And oh! the old English roast beef!

As a place of business and trade to any extent, of course it is insignificant, though it is the largest village between Clitheroe and Skipton, twelve miles further on, and the railway runs almost through the heart of it. There are in the village five or six very good inns, which seems an extraordinary number for such a small place; but we must remember that the demands of the farmers and butchers on a fair-day will be very great, and must often exceed their accommodation. There is also a Wesleyan Chapel here; and don't forget to notice the elegant building near the Post Office, yeilded the Craven Bank.

The Church,

says Dr. Whitaker, "is a decent structure, with a tower, side-aisles, and choir, built of fell stone, and excepting the short cylindrical columns of the choir, probably not older than the time of Henry VII. or VIII." The painted glass (excepting the east window and that near the entrance) is of the latter period. The only monument of any interest is that in the north aisle to the memory of Sir John Assheton, of Whalley Abbey, who, the inscription informs us, was the "tenth son of Sir Ralph Assheton, Bart., who lived to enjoy ye honour and estate, and dyed without issue ye 5th day of June, 1687, in ye 76th year of his age." Under the present vicar, the church has been completely renovated and beautified; the old-fashioned pews have been removed, and modern benches substituted. It now deserves a better term than "decent"—it is handsome; but unfortunately the tall trees on the south side of the churchyard shut out a great deal of light, thereby giving the interior a somewhat gloomy aspect, and preventing much that is interesting from appearing to its full effect.

Gisburn Park.

Next the Church, the only other object of interest is Gisburn Hall, the seat of Lord Ribblesdale,—a plain-looking mansion, standing on an eminence, in the midst of a beautiful and well-wooded park, and commanding extensive and picturesque views. The family of Ribblesdale is of great antiquity in Yorkshire, and has been seated at Gisburn Park for more than five centuries. The manor of Gisburn came originally to the Listers in 1812, by the marriage of John Lister with Isabel, the daughter of

John de Bolton, the bow-bearer of Bowland; and Thomas Lister, a descendant, was elevated to the peerage in 1794, by the title of Baron Ribblesdale, of Gisburn Park.

Though not of great extent, the Park is very beautiful, and is studded with some noble oak, ash, and beech trees. The banks of the river are also delightfully shaded with trees of remarkable growth and luxuriance.

My heart grows buoyant as I mark
That place of quiet rest,
Amidst those monarchs of the park
That shade the river's breast.
It is a spot could sorrow seek
Its loneliness to while,
The cloud upon the soul would break
Beneath its pleasant smile.

Previous to the close of the season 1880, the Park was open to visitors, who were allowed free access to the "temple"—a summer-house, delightfully situated on high ground above the Stockbeck. From this elevated spot, the Ribble is seen to great advantage, pursuing its way in a series of meanders through a chain of fertile meadows, and "every feature which constitutes a perfect landscape of the extensive sort is here not only boldly marked, but also in its best position." In consequence of misconduct on the part of excursionists and others, the Park is now closed to all but those having special permission to enter.

Gisburn Park was formerly remarkable for a herd of wild cattle, descendants of that indigenous race which once peopled the great forests of Lancashire. After their extinction in a wild state, which did not take place till sometime in the fifteenth century, it is probable that the breed was kept up by the abbots of Whalley, in the Lord's Park, and fell into the hands of the Asshetons, who

acquired possession of that rich domain soon after the dissolution. The species differed from any other preserved in South Britain in being without horns. They were white, save the tips of their noses, which were black; rather mischievous, especially when guarding their young, and approached the object of their resentment in a very insidious manner. The breed has long since become extinct.

Over the railway bridge is a nice shady walk by the Park wall leading to Gisburn corn mill and Paythorn Bridge. If you want to see the Ribble as a fishing stream, before it becomes polluted below Clitheroe, this is the very place. The banks are high and sloping, and the trees which grow thickly upon them are beautifully reflected in the clear water below. Gisburn mill, close to the bridge, "like many other buildings in the district, it is evident was indebted for at least some of the materials for its erection to Sawley Abbey, for in the walls are sculptured stones bearing the ensigns of the Percy family, one of whom founded Sawley Abbey, and more than one was there interred."



Helix 11-2
Malham 12-35
to cave & Gordale 1-40

Malham Cove & Gordale Scar.

To Gordale chasm, terrific as the lair
Where the young lions couch.



N striking contrast
 to the localities we
 have just attempted
 to describe,—the
 smoky town,—the
 ancient village,—
 the peaceful and
 picturesque vale,—
 the historic borough
 —the breezy upland
 —and the pastoral
 district, redolent of
 beefsteaks and oni-
 ons,—is the wild
 and craggy region
 of West Yorkshire,
 which, during four
 at least of the finest
 months in the year,
 is accessible to the

tourist from Blackburn any Thursday or Saturday, for the very moderate fare of fifteen pence for the double journey.

There is nothing within such easy reach of the traveller by the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway that can be compared to the wondrous freaks of nature to be encountered seven miles from Hellifield railway station; and, indeed, a journey of fifty miles would be most amply repaid by a visit to Gordale Scar alone, not to mention the attractions of the Cove, Jannet's Cave, and Malham Tarn.

Hellifield is six miles from Gisburn, and twenty-four from Blackburn. There is nothing in the village to surprise or even interest the visitor, being composed of a number of cottages, chiefly occupied by railway servants and labourers. About a mile from the station, but not in the direction of Malham, is

Hellifield Peel,

an historic mansion, standing upon flat ground, and, with the exception of Bolton Hall, near Sawley, perhaps the oldest mansion in Craven. From its great strength, comparatively small size, and the fact that it was once surrounded by a moat, traces of which may still be seen, it is probable that it was used only as a fortified retreat in unsettled times; the family usually residing at a place called Wigglesworth, a village on the opposite side of the river, in wealth and splendour, up to the time of Sir Stephen Hamerton, in 1537. The peel (or castlet) has been, with but little interruption, in the possession of the Hamertons since the reign of Henry VI.

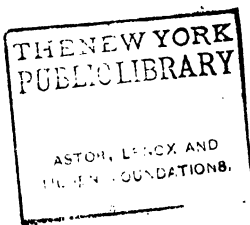
But unless you have plenty of time at your disposal, and intend to make a sojourn in the neighbourhood, a

detour to Hellifield Peel scarcely repays the trouble. Enough of it may be seen from the train to gratify any ordinary curiosity, as it stands not far from the line (on the right hand, if you face the engine,) just before coming to the station. If you wish to reach Malham in good time, and, maybe, see the old church at Kirkby Malham on your way, you have little time to spare, even though you leave Preston or Blackburn by an early morning train. For the 'bus does not meet all the trains at Hellifield station. If you prefer to ride, and do not care to risk the chance of meeting with a conveyance at the station, a post-card addressed to the proprietor of the Buck Hotel, Malham, will ensure you one. But whether you walk or drive, you have a pleasant road to travel. Where it is not green and shady, it affords views wild and romantic, exhibiting on what an artist would call a "good landscape day," a constant succession of hill and dale, mount and stream,—vales of the richest meadows, and old pasture lands in the highest state of fertility and verdure.

We will presume you have never penetrated further into Craven than the place mentioned at the head of our last chapter, and have never alighted at Hellifield before. On clearing the station by the underground passage, and keeping to the left, you proceed under the railway bridge, through the village—the old portion of the village of Hellifield—until you come to two roads running parallel with each other. That on the right hand leads to Skipton, the one on the left, to Malham. You are soon out of Hellifield and in the township of Otterburn, and two miles further on is the village of Airton. Another two miles and you are at Kirkby Malham, a compact little village,

having a remarkably fine old church, and a rather unusual assemblage of well-grown trees. The name Kirkby seems to point out that there has been a church here at a very early period; but the present structure is probably of the age of Henry VII. On the south side of the tower may be seen the letters G. N. R., in Longobardic characters, supposed to be the cypher of George Norwyeh, who was vicar in 1485, and some shields of the Banks, Tempests, and Malhams. In the interior are some frescoes, which were discovered a few years ago beneath several coats of whitewash. Most of the columns have on their west side a niche, that once contained the figure of a saint. The church was garrisoned during the Parliamentary wars, and, as usual, robbed of the monumental brasses, &c. Cromwell's signature appears twice in the registers. In a chapel at the east end of the south aisle is a mural monument to the memory of John, son of the celebrated Republican officer, Major-General Lambert, of Calton Hall, in this district.

Leaving Kirkby Malham, a further walk of one mile brings us to the straggling and unassuming village of Malham (provincially called *Maum*), within a short distance of those wonderful objects of so much interest to the tourist—the Cove and Gordale Scar. Malham, small as it appears, is divided into east and west portions by a rapid stream of clear water—the river Aire. The houses are mostly built of limestone, covered with grit slates, and appear well calculated to afford a comfortable protection from the severities of the winter in so bleak a situation. There are two hotels in the village—Lister's Arms and the Buck. The latter is a modern stone erection, spacious,





MALEMAN COVE.

comfortable, and well furnished, with a large day-room, capable of dining a hundred persons at one time. Here the visitor—no matter what his station in life may be, whether he have much or little to spend—will meet with every attention from the obliging host (Mr. Benson) and his wife. We say this from personal experience and observation.

Malham Cove

is about three-quarters of a mile from the Buck Hotel. To reach it you proceed up the lane parallel with the hotel, and turn into the pastures through the third gate on the right hand. Shut the gate after you; follow the path, and in a few minutes you may stand at the foot of the most beautiful, if not the highest piece of perpendicular limestone rock in the world, being not less than 288 feet from its central summit to its base, elevating its towering front towards the south from the sides of two reclining hills, forming at the top the segment of a large circle, but gradually growing narrower at the bottom, from whence issues a strong current of clear water; and this is the source of the river Aire. Near its top are two shelves, one above the other, covered with a carpet of grass and a few shrubs, which have taken root in the crevices. On these frightful ledges, which would seem almost sufficient to make a goat tremble, we are told the nymphs and swains of the village and adjoining dales frequently sit and amuse themselves during part of a fine Sunday afternoon, without the least fear of accident, the danger, though considerable, being not so great as it appears to be from the bottom. There is also another ledge, about twelve or fourteen feet from the base of the rock, by which, if you

enjoy the perilous, you may make a passage from one bank to the other. In order to ascend to the summit of the Cove, an irregular path through the brushwood on the left must be taken. From many points on this slope a distinct repetition of echoes may be heard, and the effect produced here by a bugle or cornet is said to be very fine.

The walk from the top of the Cove to Malham Tarn is a most interesting mile, not only from the extent of country it commands, but in its own variety of wildness. A deep ravine meanders through immense crags of limestone, along which, after a succession of rainy and tempestuous weather, the overflow from Malham Tarn makes a magnificent and perpendicular cascade over the Cove. This, however, does not frequently happen, it having been observed only two or three times during the present century. The volume of water, and the magnificence of the sight, may be imagined from the fact that the spectators could not approach within a hundred yards of the foot of the rock without being drenched through. The view from the top of the Cove, on a clear day, is exceedingly fine, and commands an extent of twenty miles of varied scenery,—a continued succession of hill and dale, occasionally interspersed with the rich foliage of woods, and below the eye rests upon the green sward of many meadows.

From an able Paper by Mr. D. Geddes, of the Blackburn Free Library, on the "Geology of Malham and its Surroundings," read before the members of the Blackburn Literary Club, on the occasion of their visit to Malham in the summer of 1880, we make the following extracts relative to the geology of this most interesting region:—

Malham Cove is on the boundary line of that elevated series of limestone cliffs which form the western and southern face of that

dislocation known as the Craven Fault. The rocks to the west and south of the fault are thrown down to 1,000 feet, and at different points along its course the junctions of the sandstone rocks with the limestone may be observed. From Kirkby Lonsdale to Wharfedale the fault can be readily traced. The limestone formation varies in thickness from 500 to 1,000 feet. At Gordale, the limestone rests on a silurian conglomerate. The level of the stream may be taken as the base of the limestone. It is rather singular that the source of the Aire in Malham Cove and the surface of the ground over which the stream flows in Gordale should be just 800 feet above the sea, and the tops of the cliffs that frown so gloomily over both attain the 1,000 feet level. North and east the serrated edges of limestone rise to higher levels, and stretch away several miles beyond Malham.

Limestone is distinguished from all the rocks which surround it here by consisting wholly of materials derived from marine animals; originally it was deposited as fine ooze. Before this limestone was formed in the bright waters of its sea, great changes had taken place amongst the rocks on which it lies. They had undergone distortion, upheaval, and subsidence from forces which seem now to have ceased. Since the formation of the limestone, there have been formed all the coalfields of Burnley and Wigan, the enormous masses of Ingleborough, Penyghent, and Pendle, with most of the minor hills to the south and west, such as Longridge, Great Hambleton, Billinge, the hills above Darwen, Withnell, and Houghton, and all the rocks upon which Liverpool rests. Many of these later former rocks, such as the red sandstone under Liverpool, are but as yesterday compared with the limestone.

The caves and ravines in the mountain limestone have been hollowed out by water. The limestone is traversed by joints and lines of shrinkage, into which the water sinks, and water containing carbonic acid erodes the limestone, as you may observe whenever an exposed surface is presented. The shape of the escarpment at Malham Cove, and the beetling gorge of Gordale, have been formed in this way, as well as the passages for water through them.

The front of this bold and lofty Cove is seen at a great distance,—from the southern hills near Halifax, and even with the naked eye from White Moor, near Colne, and the summit of Pendle Hill. As you descend the hill from Otterburn into Airton, on the road to Malham, you may see distinctly the concavities and lineaments of this stupendous specimen of divine and matchless masonry.

Malham Tarn,

as we have just observed, is about a mile from the top of the Cove, and may be reached either by following the course of the stream, or taking a direct route north-east over the high pastures. This lonely but beautiful lake—the largest sheet of water in Yorkshire—was long supposed to be the source of the river Aire; but such is not the case. The water of the stream which leaves Malham Tarn, and is swallowed up in a hole in the limestone rock, reappears half way between Malham and Kirkby. This fact was ascertained by emptying bags of chaff into the stream, which reappeared at the place referred to.

Malham Tarn is about three miles in circumference, and nearly a mile over in every direction. Its situation is high and bleak; the water, which is clear and icy cold, being between three and four yards deep, with a fine bottom of marl and sand. On the north bank is a modern house, erected by the first Lord Ribblesdale, and now occupied by Walter Morrison, Esq. The Tarn abounds with two varieties of trout, the red and the silver, which are described as being particularly fine.

Jannet's Cave.—Gordale Scar.

We will now conduct the tourist to a very different piece of scenery and attraction; more vast, more awful, more sublime even than the Cove, and which is the principal object of interest to most tourists who visit Malham. This gigantic work of nature lies about one mile and a quarter south of the village. You proceed up the lane past the Lister's Arms, along a carriage road, with a deep and singularly picturesque dell on the right,

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GORDALE SCAR.

to the bottom of which the waving green fields slope irregularly. On the left is a ridge of hills which runs on and, with a grim aspect, seems to turn across the direction of the path. On this road, immediately behind a cow-house, just before coming to the little bridge over the stream which leaves Gordale, there is a small gate that gives entrance to a deep and narrow glen, in which is a most beautiful cascade, rolling perpendicularly eight or nine yards between two majestic and romantic rocks, finely interspersed and ornamented with wood. At the foot of this cascade, on the opposite side, is

Jannet's Cave,

a spacious and not inelegant cavern, having a dry tessellated floor, arched over with solid rock, resembling an umbrella, surrounded and encircled with a verdant arbour. In this cave, tradition assures us, a numerous tribe of fairies used nightly to assemble, with Jannet, or Gennet, for their queen; and certainly, if visited by moonlight, it must be highly calculated to give the imagination its full love of the creative. To enter the cave you must cross the stream, which cannot be attempted without considerable risk when a full volume of water is tumbling down the cascade.

Leaving Jannet's Cave, and resuming your walk along the road, crossing the little bridge before alluded to, you shortly arrive at a neat farm-house on the left,—the only dwelling-house to be seen in this wild and desolate region. You now leave the road, and turn into the yard at the back of the house, passing through a gate, and this gate may be said to give entrance to

Gordale Scar.

As you follow the course of the rivulet, a monstrous chasm in the dismal-looking mountain stares you in the face. The craggy ridges on each side rise to a terrific height and approach each other, while the gloomy-looking glen contracts in proportion, and a little further seems totally shut up by a close embrace of these monsters. You appear now to have reached the end of your excursion; but wait a bit. This seems grand enough in all conscience, and worth the journey to see it; but the grandest scene is yet to come. Pursuing the dim path, and cautiously directing your steps over fragments of rock towards a rent in the mountain immediately before you, with the stream on the left, you suddenly turn an acute angle of a perpendicular rock to the right, when a scene at once opens in full view which excites the greatest astonishment. "The Alps, the Pyrenees, Killarney, Loch Lomond, or any other wonder of the kind, at no time," says an eminent traveller of the last century, "exhibit such a chasm." You perceive yourself just entering the apparent ruins of a huge castle, the walls of which are mostly entire to the height of 120 feet. The gloomy mansion strikes you with horror; but what greatly adds to the sensations of fear and amazement which every one must feel in some degree on his first entrance, are the rushing cataracts at the further end and the hanging walls, particularly that on the right, which projects considerably over its base in one black and awful canopy, overshadowing above half the area below its tremendous roof, and threatening the shuddering spectator beneath with immediate destruction.

The form of this chasm is somewhat elliptical, quite open at the north end; but the south end, through which

the water pours, although partly open, is completely barred up by

*Rocks on rocks confusedly hurl'd,
Like the ruins of a former world.*

It consists of two apartments, or areas ; the first is about one hundred yards by forty, the other is inaccessible, and appears to be about twenty yards by ten, its area probably a pool of water. At the further end a stream issues from the top of the rock, and falling eight or ten yards at one leap, disappears in the upper apartment, till, reaching its confines, it again tumbles down in a broken sheet of splash and foam into a greater area, and hurries down a rough channel into the river Aire. The walls are black, and, as before observed, project hideously over their bases. Bushes of ivy and some small ash trees appear on the tops of these rocks, from the pores of whose horrid front large drops of water continually distil.

To make the ascent the stream must be crossed, and a huge piece of limestone, well worn with footsteps, surmounted. On turning the corner some care is necessary, as it approaches close to the fall ; a steep stony path must then be climbed, and the summit is soon reached. By scrambling over the rocky ridge to the right, at any convenient point, the stream will again be met with, and by following it, the natural arch through which it dashes may be reached. From this point the view downwards is appalling.

There have been many drawings and photographs taken of this gaping wonder of nature, and in a great variety of situations ; but nothing like an adequate idea can be given by the pen or the pencil of so grand a scene. Without

doubt, the Cove, in point of softness and regularity of features, and in a greater variety of tints and colouring, is superior to Gordale; and its matchless boldness and expanse of front render it a much more desirable subject for the painter. But in Gordale you have beauty, horror, and immensity united; and although in reality the rock is not so high as the Cove, yet its prominences and fragments are so enormous and irregular, and the noise occasioned by the gushing of the cataract through a circular and huge aperture, as if just bursting from the heavens, leaves a much stronger impression upon the mind than the view of the Cove; yet, as we have said, neither pen nor pencil can give anything like a just or satisfactory description of it. You should view it personally to realise and appreciate its grandeur; and once seen, particularly just after heavy rains—which is the best time—the remembrance of it will never fade.



Settle and the Source of the Ribble.

I left behind

The crowd of men, the towns with smoky pall,
And sought the hills, and breathed the mountain wind.



ENETRATING deeper and deeper into the wilds of West Yorkshire, after a journey of six miles from Hellifield, on the Settle & Carlisle Railway, we reach the pleasantly situated and picturesque little town of Settle, the centre of a wide district possessing peculiar attractions, and within a short distance of a spot that must be deeply interesting to every dweller near the ever lovely Ribble valley

—the source of that noble stream celebrated alike by poet, painter, and historian. The Caves of Clapham, Castleberg, the Ebbing and Flowing Well at Giggleswick, Stainforth Force, Ingleborough, &c., are, along with Malham and its wonders, among those “fresh woods and pastures new” which the Chatburn and Hellifield line of railway has rendered available, if not yet familiar, to all in East Lancashire who like change of scene and admire nature’s glorious works, but who, for lack of the facilities which now exist, had to be content with the descriptions of their more fortunate neighbours, to whom time and money were objects of little consideration.

In the few pages which follow, it shall be our endeavour, if the reader will favour us with his company, to point out briefly the localities of the several objects of interest thus opened out, giving a few descriptive particulars, as in former chapters, but leaving a great deal to the tourist’s own tastes and inclinations, when it shall please him to make a personal visit to these and other scenes in the neighbourhood which do not at present form a part of our programme.

Though we are not conscious, so far, of having exaggerated in our descriptions of natural scenery, we would advise the reader now (having omitted it in the introduction) to adopt the rule laid down by a traveller who wrote an account of his tour in Craven over thirty years ago, which was, “Never to entertain an extravagant idea of any object to be viewed,—an idea conveyed orally or by writings; but rather weigh the liberality of words in an anti-enthusiastic balance, and thus ensure much future enjoyment,”

But before entering upon the business we have mapped out, just a word or two on the manners and dialect of the people of Craven, which to the Lancashire native, living in or very near some of the most populous towns in England, and therefore in daily intercourse with a more polished society, appear to be somewhat uncouth. "Sprung from a race of independent yeomanry, living in security and plenty, entirely alienated from large towns, their farms and tenements descending regularly from father to son, and their consequent abridged intercourse with society, must naturally tend to check any violent change of manners and habits; and thus may be accounted for the almost primitive simplicity of the Craven rustic, and the honest bluntness of the farmer; and at the same time this virtuous seclusion may tell of the unaffected manners of the women, who, generally speaking, are symmetrically proportioned, exceedingly pretty, and, like women all over the world, most kind and obliging."

As to the dialect, which differs considerably from that of Lancashire, the following Lines, written by the late Robert Story, a native of the district, and for many years parish clerk of Gargrave, will serve to give a general idea:—

TO A ROBIN RIDBRIST,

At E sa i't' Kirk at Service-time.

Lile Robin, thou hes maunder'd whear
Thou'll nut finnd mich to pleese, I fear,

For thou, like maar beside,
Wod raather flee to triffin cares,
Thinkin at sarmons, psalms, an prayers
Nout else bud ill betide.

Bud it's a pelsy day without,
The snaw ligs deep an blaws about,
Thou gangs to'th bank to perk;

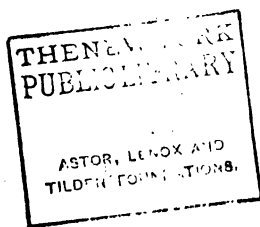
Thus thou, like raakes, when troubles press,
As thy girt refuge i' distress
Takes bield i' Mother Kirk.

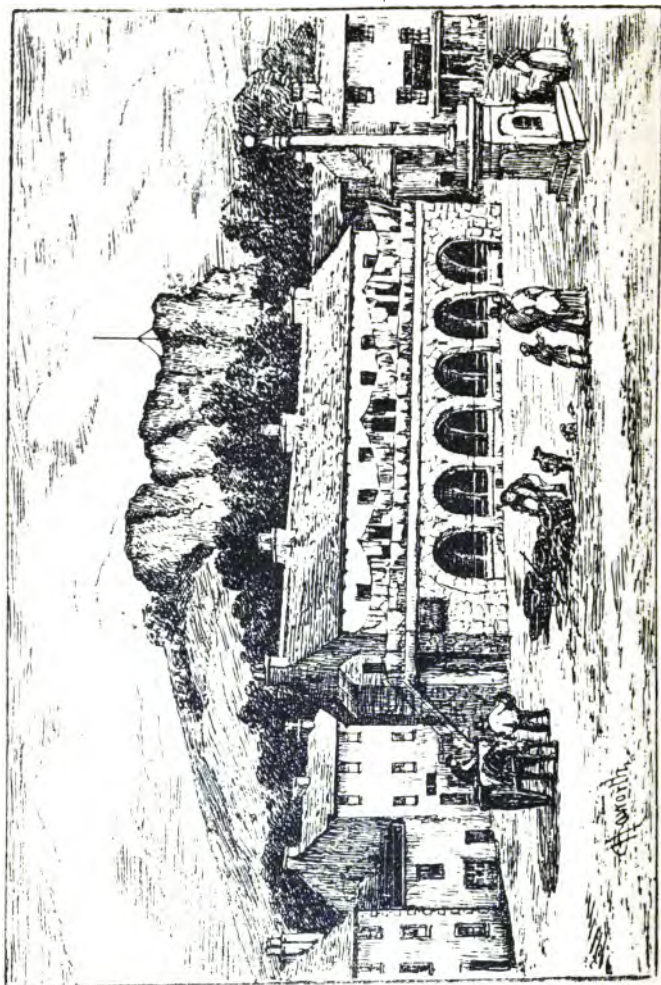
Thou thinks wer prayers nout else but whims,
Thou reckons lile o' psalms or hymns,
They nobbud mak the freeten'd;
And flackerin here and thear to flee,
The sun lets fau his leet on thee
Wi' an thy feathers breeten'd.

Thou cannot gaun ner understand
Why each thy lytle een hes scann'd
Sees lowly kneels afore the;
Knew then, at strang 'i faith, he dreamt
O bein an, at thou bud *seems*—
A seraph wing'd i' gloary.

The poet Gray, who, over a hundred years ago, published an account of his tour in the north of England, speaking of Settle, says, "It is a small market-town, standing directly under a rocky fell; there are not in it above a dozen good-looking houses, and the rest are old and low, with little wooden porticoes in front." Since then, however, a great change has come over the town; many of the old-fashioned houses still exist, but the wooden porticoes have disappeared; and we cannot help thinking that it is a pity, if only for the sake of the appearance of the place, that the shambles in the Market-square, with the row of cottages on the top, did not make their exit at the same time. However, taken altogether, it is a remarkably compact, clean, and, if you will, comfortable-looking little town, having a number of substantial old-fashioned inns, at any one of which the tourist will meet with excellent accommodation.

The Parish Church of Settle, like that of Malham, lies about a mile from the town—at Giggleswick. This was for a great number of years the nearest place of worship for the inhabitants; but there is now a very neat Church,





SETTLE MARKET PLACE AND CASTLEBERG.

built in the early English style, and named the Church of the Holy Ascension, much more conveniently placed, in the town itself; but there is nothing about it calling for particular description.

The only other public building of any importance is the Town Hall, in the Market-place, erected in 1836, which contains an extensive library and an excellent museum.

To the stranger, the perpendicular rock of limestone, which raises its *brusque* front over the eastern portion of the town to the height of about 300 feet, called

Castleberg,

is the most attractive object. This precipice is partly natural and partly a work of art. At its base are various shady serpentine walks and seats—not kept in the best order,—and here and there, for the benefit of the juvenile portion, are placed see-saws and merry-go-rounds, hobby horses and skittle grounds. The summit is easily ascended by means of a broad winding pathway cut in the rock, quite as wide and not unlike the winding road near the top of Blackburn park. The view from the summit is most striking, and comprehends a vast tract of country, from Pendle Hill in the south to Penyghent in the north. The charge for admission to Castleberg is one penny each; apply at the cottage just opposite the gate.

To the right of Castleberg, through Upper Settle, is the mountain road to Malham—six miles. After you have ascended it for some considerable distance, you will observe that the road branches in two directions, the one on the left leading by Stockdale to Malham; the other, over Highside, to Airtton and Kirkby Malham. On the latter

road is a deep gorge, at the head of which are two falls of water, forming during a flood a continuous cascade of between forty and fifty feet. This is

Scaleber Force,

a very pretty waterfall, a correct representation of which our artist has skilfully introduced in the initial letter to this chapter. It is frequently visited in winter, when the frozen stream and the immense group of icicles are said to form a curious and interesting spectacle.

Going in the direction of Malham, to the left of the road, and at a distance of about a mile from Settle, is

Attermire,

a great amphitheatre of limestone rocks, wild, grand, and rugged in the extreme. In the face of one of the crags is the

Victoria Cave,

easily recognised at a distance by the *debris* of a sandy colour scattered before the mouth of it. It is called the Victoria Cave from the fact of its having been discovered by a Mr. Joseph Jackson, of Settle, on the coronation day of Queen Victoria, in 1838. It is situated at a height of 1,450 feet above sea level, and has been long known and worked as a mine of great interest to the antiquary. The latest discoveries will give it much greater importance as bearing on the antiquity of the human race. Its more recent deposits contain coins and pottery, objects of bronze, bone, and ivory, many of them unique in design and manufacture, which are chiefly of Roman or Romano-Celtic age. They have many of them been described and figured by Mr. Roach Smith, Mr. Boyd Dawkins, and others. The

enamelled brooches discovered are remarkable for the elegance of their form and the brilliancy of their colours. At a greater depth evidence was found of the occupation of the cave by man in pre-historic times. A layer of charcoal was associated with rude flint flakes, a bone bead, a fish harpoon of a type hitherto unknown in Britain, also of bone, remains of brown bear, stag, and horse. These are thought to belong to the period of the later stone age. Below this again, beneath a considerable thickness of barren deposits, free from any evidence of life, a bone bed was discovered full of remains of animals, of which the following were determined by Mr. Busk :—Man, Mammoth, Rhinoceros, Cave-bear, Hyæna, Bison, and Stag. A great quantity of the bones, &c., are deposited in the Giggleswick School Museum, which is open to the public on application to the Head Master.

There is another cave, of considerable length, situated in the eastern cliff of Attermire, the lofty entrance to which is reached by climbing up the stony ground and a short height of the rock. A human skeleton, a stone bead, and some coins have at different times been found in it.

These caves, and others in the rocks about Attermire, are supposed to have been the concealed retreats of straggling hordes of British, who, though partly Romanized, were still unwilling to succumb to the power of their conquerors. When first discovered, they were rich in spar and stalactites, but of these they have long since been entirely bereft. There is nothing in them now either pleasing or curious; and we know from experience that one of them (the Victoria Cave) is simply impenetrable to all who cannot boast a pair of extra strong "water-tights,"

or who have any respect whatever for Messrs. Day and Martin.

Leaving the Victoria Cave, walk in a northerly direction across the road which leads from Langeliffe to Malham, past Winskill—a group of three or four houses and trees nearly on your own level. At the foot of Winskill Scar are the Craven Limeworks, which detract a little from the scenery just here. About half a mile past Winskill, in a deep and wooded glen, will be seen

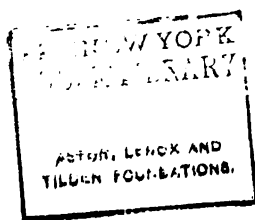
Catterick Force,

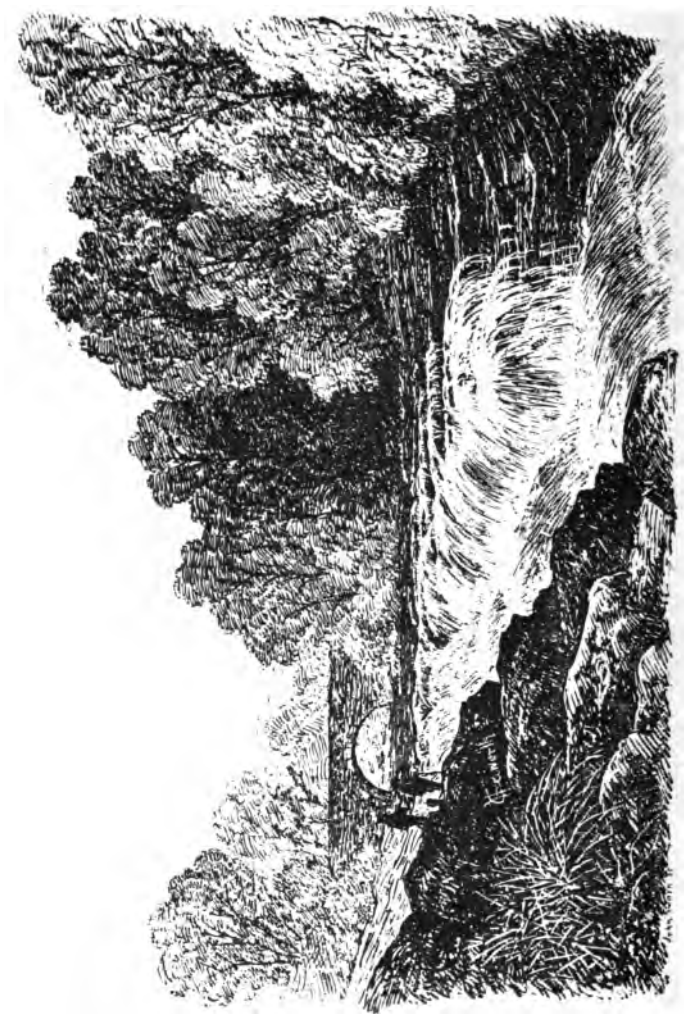
a splendid cascade, about sixty feet in perpendicular height. This is one of the most perfect and beautiful waterfalls in the neighbourhood, but the road to it is somewhat tiresome. The visitor should descend into the glen at its head, down to the foot of the highest fall, and follow the course of the stream downwards,—a roughish task, but well repaid by the views of the lower falls. Near the bottom is another glen, called Sannet Gill, stretching towards the north-east, through whose wooded defiles another stream, with a rocky bed and numerous small falls, hurries down to the Ribble.

We now make the best of our way to Stainforth,—a very neat village, washed by the streams which leave Catterick and Sannet Gill. Here is a neat little church, and a few very handsome residences. Pursuing the road by the churchyard wall, we soon come to the Ribble, spanned by a bridge of one arch, over which we cross to view

Stainforth Force,

unquestionably the grandest sight on the river. This rushing cataract, which lies about fifty yards south of the





STAINFORTH FORCE, NEAR SETTLE.

bridge, is formed by a succession of steps, or ledges, in the strata which compose the bed of the river, until it ends in a fall of six or seven feet, rushing and tumbling with awful impetuosity into the surging foam below. It is best viewed from the left bank of the river, a path to which will be seen near the bridge. Although it is not a lofty fall, yet the rush of the water over the rocks, its voluminous descent into a basin of unknown depth, the cliff and overhanging wood, and the view upwards of the river and its picturesque bridge, form a scene unrivalled in the course of the Ribble.

Continuing the road which we have gained by crossing the bridge, we enter Little Stainforth, on our way to Stackhouse—a pretty village to the right, happily situated at the foot of the rocky and richly-wooded hills. Looking around, we feel that this snug little hamlet is a place to sigh for. There is nothing about it modern, flimsy, or artificial. The houses are staid and substantial; their surroundings clean and green. Comfort and elegance are here united. To the town-bred toiler, forced to wear away his life amid the rattle of the power-loom, the din of the forge, or the monotonous drudgery of the office, the words of Goldsmith find here an echo which they perhaps fail to awaken when casually read by the fireside:—

O sweet retirement, friend to life's decline,
Retreat from cares that never must be mine;
How blest is he who crowns in shades like these,
A youth of labour with an age of ease.

Walking along the lane, shaded on the left by luxuriant ash, elm, and beech trees, and sheltered on the right by the lofty wooded scars of Giggleswick, the visitor will be highly pleased with the romantic scenery of the valley.

Turning to the right at the end of the lane, after two or three minutes' walk we arrive at the quaint village of

Giggleswick,

about three-quarters of a mile from Settle. It was once a market town, while Settle was only a hamlet, and it still contains the Parish Church to that place. This Church is spacious and not unhandsome, dedicated to an obscure saint—St. Alkald. The interior is disappointing. There is little stained glass, and none in the east window. The ceiling, which is flat and whitened, is partly hidden by projecting galleries. There is no organ. The carved oak pulpit—three-decker, with a sounding-board—bears the date 1680. The whole building is of the time of Henry VII. or VIII.

Walk round the Church and up the narrow pathway on the north side of the churchyard. To the left is the famous Grammar School of Giggleswick—at least a part of it,—another, and larger portion, being built further west of the village. This School was founded by Edward VI., and is said to be one of the richest foundations of the kind in the north of England. Archdeacon Paley was educated here, and his father was for fifty years head master of this institution. It has been entirely rebuilt since his day.

On regaining the road by the narrow pathway just mentioned, turn to the left, and proceed about three-quarters of a mile under the high and romantic rocks, called Giggleswick Scars, in order to view the

Ebbing and Flowing Well,

which lies on the right hand side of the road as you go,

nearly opposite a newly-built farm-house in the hollow. A stone trough, of about a yard square, is placed over the spring, with openings at different heights to admit the passage of the water. Its reciprocations seem very irregular, and are said almost to cease in times of long-continued droughts or very great rains. Sometimes it will rise and fall alternately near a foot in this trough every ten or fifteen minutes; at other times, the visitor will be greatly disappointed to find that it does neither in anything like reasonable time. We were in luck on the occasion of our visit, seeing it reciprocate several times, and not staying above half an hour; but we were told that a party of visitors from Accrington stood four hours a few days previously, and ultimately went away with the impression that the whole thing was a "sell."

This singular phenomenon has never been satisfactorily accounted for. The conjecture, however, which supposes it to be occasioned by a natural syphon in the earth, though open to some objection, seems the most plausible. "Drunken Barnaby," who wrote an Itinerary of his travels in verse over two hundred years ago, mentions this Well, and observed that it puzzled the wits of his day:—

Thence to Giggleswick, most sterile,
Hemm'd with shelves and rocks of peril;
Near to the way, as a traveller goes,
A fine fresh spring both ebbs and flows;
Neither known the learn'd that travel
What procures it, salt or gravel.

And "the learn'd that travel" know just as much about it now as they did in his time.

This natural curiosity should be visited in a moderately dry season; for, as has been before hinted, the certainty

or who have any respect whatever for Messrs. Day and Martin.

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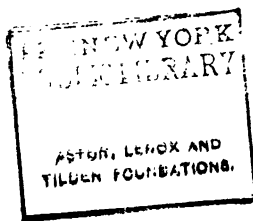
Catterick Force,

a splendid cascade, about sixty feet in perpendicular height. This is one of the most perfect and beautiful waterfalls in the neighbourhood, but the road to it is somewhat tiresome. The visitor should descend into the glen at its head, down to the foot of the highest fall, and follow the course of the stream downwards,—a roughish task, but well repaid by the views of the lower falls. Near the bottom is another glen, called Sannet Gill, stretching towards the north-east, through whose wooded defiles another stream, with a rocky bed and numerous small falls, hurries down to the Ribble.

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Stainforth Force,

unquestionably the grandest sight on the river. This rushing cataract, which lies about fifty yards south of the





THORNS GILL.

towards Gearstones Inn, on the road to Hawes, to view the object of our journey—the source of the Ribble. Keep to the right, past the Station Inn. What a wild country have we here! Only three human habitations visible for miles and miles, and one is the station-master's. At our back is the lofty Ingleborough; to the left, the mighty mass of Whernside makes every other hill look little; while in front, but a little to the right, Penyghent pierces the clouds. Looking towards the railway, in the direction of Whernside, we see the chief engineering work on the whole line—Batty Moss Viaduct, consisting of 24 arches, 100 feet high, 45 feet span each.

Keeping the highway, look narrowly in the dry wall to the right for a stile, near a solitary tree. If you pass through that stile and the gate near the barn just opposite, at a distance of about fifty yards you will observe a hole in the ground about five or six yards long, and a spring of water issuing from it at one end and losing itself down another hole at the other end. This is the reputed source of the Ribble—the Ribble Head of the Ordnance Map. Without asking you to go very far from this spot, we hope to direct you to a stream having a claim to the honour of being the source of the Ribble superior to that of the so-called Ribble Head.

The inn at Gearstones will be found a very comfortable resting-place. From the rooms at the back of the house an extensive view of the valley southward is to be obtained. At the western gable of this inn there is a way into the field at the back of the house. If you follow the pathway through this field you will presently come to a considerable stream of water, which, after heavy rains, rushes with

surprising velocity over its rocky bed. This stream has its rise on the moors eastwards, in the vicinity of Wold Fell, and at no very great distance from the fountain-head of the Wharfe. It is called Gale Beck, and is unquestionably the real source of the Ribble. Cross by the foot-bridge to the other side of it, and follow the stream for about forty or fifty yards, where it enters

Thorns Gill,

a deep and rocky ravine, of a highly gratifying and romantic description. Here the water, in its hurry to "pay its tribute to the sea," tumbles over a series of rocks placed at irregular intervals, forming a succession of beautiful cascades, which, when viewed lower down, have a remarkably picturesque and pleasing effect.

Thorns Gill is well worth a personal visit; but failing that, our illustration, which, however, only shows a very small part of it, will convey an idea better than words can give of the romantic character of the upper course of our famous stream before it acquires the designation of Ribble.

On the left bank as you go down Thorns Gill, about midway, is

Katnot Cave,

which may be penetrated to the distance of about five hundred yards. It is in most parts narrow, but of convenient height, and occasionally lofty. A small stream of water runs through it. It was formerly ornamented with numerous pendant petrifications, "glittering in the richest manner;" but of these it has long since been entirely denuded.

Between Ribblesdale station and Settle is the ancient mountain village of Horton-in-Ribblesdale, lying at the

foot of Penyghent; and half-way between Ribbleshead and Horton is the little hamlet of Selside, consisting of about two dozen houses of a very poor sort. For what there is to see either in this village or Horton it would not be worth your while to pay a special visit, but if you are not disposed to go further north, take the train at Ribbleshead and return home. However, there is one object of interest near Selside which, if you do not object to a walk of five miles to Horton station (as there is no station at Selside), it is certainly worth the trouble, on your return journey, to go to see. So far in our visits to some of the wonders of Craven we have viewed only those which can properly be said to belong to the sublime; let us go a little further and complete our visit, as far as our limited time will allow, by taking a look at the terrible,—

To conceive things monstrous, and worse
Than fables yet have feigned, or fear conceived.

The road to Selside lies directly opposite to the Station Inn at Ribbleshead. After a walk of about two miles and a half on that road, you come to a farm-house lying on the left hand side, and near this farm-house, but on the opposite side of the road, is a lane, apparently not much frequented, leading as it were directly towards Ingleborough. Proceed up this lane, through the gate at the top, and along the rugged path in the field, nearly straight ahead, till you come to about half an acre of land enclosed by a low stone wall, marked by a solitary tree. You may easily scale this wall and safely look down, now that a foot-bridge is placed over it, into

Helln Pot,

not Alum Pot, as printed on the Ordnance Map, but *Ellan*

or who have any respect whatever for Messrs. Day and Martin.

Leaving the Victoria Cave, walk in a northerly direction across the road which leads from Langeliffe to Malham, past Winskill—a group of three or four houses and trees nearly on your own level. At the foot of Winskill Scar are the Craven Limeworks, which detract a little from the scenery just here. About half a mile past Winskill, in a deep and wooded glen, will be seen

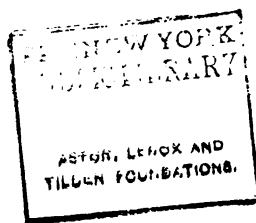
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Stainforth Force,

unquestionably the grandest sight on the river. This rushing cataract, which lies about fifty yards south of the



At a distance of about 150 yards north-west of Helln Pot will be found the entrances of the

Long Churn and Diccan Pot,

which have probably at some period formed one continuous cave, but there has been a break in the ground disclosing the present entrances, and the two are joined by a branch cave, which conveys the water from the one to the other down a short fall. The lower cavern is called Diccan Pot; it terminates after a circuitous course of about 200 yards in the northern extremity of Helln Pot, sixty feet above the landing which is seen from the southern edge, and the descent of Helln Pot has sometimes been accomplished by means of this passage. The Long Churn is a beautiful cavern, about 300 yards in length, and free during its course from pools, creeping places, or descents. The roof is flat, and sometimes variegated with intersecting lines of white spar, which give it the appearance of a tessellated pavement. At the termination there is a long and deep basin, into which a stream descends with a short and rapid fall; above, the daylight may be seen, and by the help of a rope or short ladder, the explorer may once more emerge on the surface.

There are other caverns in the neighbourhood of Helln Pot, on the eastern side of Ingleborough, but none of more than ordinary interest.

From Selside to Horton the distance is nearly three miles on a direct road, but abounding in ups and downs. At Horton there is a station on the Settle and Carlisle Railway; and if you are not quite satiated with pots, caves, scars, and gills, there are some others very near this

village to further gratify your curiosity, to which any inhabitant will direct you. Ask particularly for

Doukgill Scar,

a grotesque amphitheatre of rock, from the foot of which the water makes its exit after a long subterranean journey from the moors above ;

Thirl Pot,

a large elliptical chasm near the foot of Penyghent ; and

Thund Pot,

a narrow and frightful gulf, which has been plumbed to the depth of 200 feet, ninety of which have been descended by rope, but little has been seen or discovered to repay the trouble and danger of the experiment.

Penyghent,

2270 feet high, is easiest of ascent from Horton. The views from the summit are very grand, but hardly of such great extent as those from the summit of Ingleborough or Whernside.

Horton Church

is of great antiquity, the south aisle, the nave, door, and font being of the first era of church-building in Craven, and therefore of the date 1150 at the latest. As the original Craven churches had no tower, the steeple, as well as the east window, must be referred to the time of Henry VII. or VIII., the second era. The columns and arches are genuine Norman work, the latter having in some places the zig-zag ornamentation.

Here we must bring to a close our "Handbook to the Valley of the Ribble," conscious that we have left many

beauties unnoticed on our route. Our object, however, has not been so much to describe as to illustrate, where practicable, what is both beautiful and famous in and near the course of our historic river, merely directing the stranger, where it was thought necessary, to the leading and often hidden features of the landscape, but leaving a great deal to his own taste and choice. Having ourselves derived both pleasure and profit from our visits to these scenes, we wish every one to participate in the enjoyment; and if the preceding pages shall have contributed, even in the smallest degree, to that enjoyment, our end is attained, and our labour has not been in vain.



i.

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**PRESTON.**

**PRIVATE TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH LINES  
ERECTED AND MAINTAINED.**

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Electric Bells and Electric Signals of all kinds fitted up.  
Lightning Conductors erected.

## TRY OUR SAFE AND DESERVEDLY POPULAR REMEDIES,

And thereby secure what Juvenal denominates "A Sound Mind in a Sound Body:" or, as Plutarch says, "Head cool and feet warm; but, while attending to the body, never neglect the mind."

### INFANTS' CORDIAL

Is NOT "Sleeping Stuff," but SO PERFECTLY SAFE that IT MAY BE ADMINISTERED IMMEDIATELY AFTER BIRTH.

N.B.—This popular Infants' Cordial the Government Analyst recently pronounced "a safe and harmless compound." MOTHERS! Try it, for the late Charles Dickens said, "NOTHING IS MORE UNNATURAL THAN THE DEATH OF A LITTLE CHILD."

*Sold in Bottles at 4d., 7d., 13d., and 2s. 2d. each.*

### PEARL OINTMENT,

Has been used with astonishing success for more than 30 years, as hundreds of thousands can testify. It has often been declared to be "worth its weight in gold."

*Sold in Boxes at 1d., 2d., 4d., 6d., and 8d. each.*

### ANTIBILIOUS PILLS,

An occasional dose of which will enable those who take them to realise the truth of Dr. Jebb's maxim, viz.—"The greatest of all sublunary blessings is—the state of perfect health."

*Sold at 3d., 6d., and 1s. per box.*


**COUGH MIXTURES**, for Infants and Adults, are the cheapest and most efficacious ever offered to the public, while our **TEETHING** and **WORM POWDERS** for Infants and Young Children, also our **THRUSH** or "**FROSK**" **PREPARATION**, have never been equalled much less surpassed.

Our **ANODYNE PASTE** acts like a charm.

*Sold in Boxes at 2d., 4d., and 6d. each.*

*Violet Powder & Prepared Fullers' Earth. Infants' Feeding Bottles, Teething Pads, Mothers' Breast Exhausters, Nipple Shields, &c.*

Persons who recommend the above-named popular remedies to their friends and acquaintances will confer a mutual benefit, and may be instrumental in saving many Infants, Young Children, and Adults, from suffering, disease, and premature death.

 Sent by Post or Railway on receipt of Stamps or Money Order.

PREPARED AND SOLD BY

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**M. DICKINSON,**  
**CONFECTIONER, &c.,**  
**109, FISHERGATE,**  
*(Next door to the New Gas Offices),*  
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**Wedding Breakfasts and Evening Parties Supplied.**

**Table Cutlery & Silver Plate Let out on Hire.**

**LUNCHEON ROOMS.**

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**WATCHMAKER,**  
**JEWELLER & SILVERSMITH,**

**Invites Intending Purchasers to Inspect his**  
**most Superior Stock of**

**Gold and Silver Watches,**



**Diamonds, and other Fine Jewellery, Best Quality Electro Plate, Dining and Drawing Room Clocks; Chime Clocks, large dials, for Factories and Workshops. Clocks in Public Offices, Hotels, and Private Houses, wound and kept by the year. Special personal attention to all Watches, &c., entrusted to him for Repairs.**

 **Old Gold and Silver bought or taken in exchange.**

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**5, LUNE-ST., PRESTON.**  
**OPPOSITE HARDING & CO.'S 'BUS OFFICE.**

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THE

**Starkie's Arms Hotel,**

*(Two Minutes' walk from the Railway Station)*

IS THE PRINCIPAL HOTEL IN CLITHEROE.

All the Rooms are lofty and well ventilated.

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**Hearses & Mourning Coaches.**

*GENERAL POSTING HOUSE.*

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HEAD QUARTERS OF THE CLITHEROE BICYCLE  
CLUB.

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**The only Hotel in the District with Two First-class  
Billiard Tables.**

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From the Garden of the Hotel, splendid views of Stony-  
hurst, Longridge Fells, and the Valley of the Ribble can  
be obtained.

*Permission given to fish in the Ribble.*

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*B. JORDAN, Proprietor.*



The Cheapest house in Blackburn for Musical Instruments of any kind.



Brinsmead's Gold Medal Pianos sold for Cash, or on the Three Years' System, by

**T. GREGSON,**  
North of England Music Repository,  
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**Hats! Hats! Hats!**

EXTENSION OF PREMISES.

If you want a Cheap and Stylish Hat, try

**W. SHARPLES'S**

10/6 SILK,

6/6 Fur & 5/6 Felt Hat,

The Best Value & Newest Style in town.



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*(Next to Church Street, Opposite the New Inn.)*

**W. Sharples, Proprietor.] BLACKBURN.**

# Swan & Royal Hotel,

CASTLE STREET, CLITHEROE.

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## HEAD HOTEL OF THE DISTRICT.

Structurally adapted (according to Act of Parliament)  
for the reception of Guests and Travellers.

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## POSTING HOUSE, STOCK ROOMS,

And every accommodation for Travellers.

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## Special Accommodation for Families

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### INLAND REVENUE OFFICE.

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Wedding, Pic-nic Parties, and Excursionists will receive every attention at this Hotel, as the large and commodious Assembly Room is set apart for their accommodation.

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## HEAD QUARTERS OF BICYCLE & TOURING CLUBS.

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*The Nearest Recognized Hotel to the Railway Station.*

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The above Hotel, by its elevated position, is one of the healthiest in the kingdom, commands excellent views of the neighbourhood, and is under the direct and constant supervision of the Proprietor,

G. LOFTHOUSE.

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IF YOU WANT A GOOD AND CHEAP  
**DINNER & TEA**  
CALL AT  
W. Hardacre & Co.'s DINING ROOMS,  
1 & 3, PARSON LANE,  
(Near the Cattle Market,) **CLITHEROE.**

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**R. W. HORNBY,**  
**Dispensing Chemist,**  
(*By Examination,*)

**33, MARKET STREET,**  
**DARWEN.**

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**N. HUNT,**  
**19, BRIDGE STREET, DARWEN.**  
*Draper, Haberdasher, &c.*

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SILKS, SATINS, DRESSMAKERS' TRIMMINGS,
ALWAYS IN STOCK.

J. T. KNOWLES,
Borough Boot & Shoe Manufactory
CHURCH STREET, DARWEN,
EVERY DESCRIPTION OF
FIRST-CLASS BOOTS & SHOES

ALWAYS IN STOCK,
Ladies' from - - - - - 3/11 to 25/.
Gent's ,, - - - - - 6/6 ,, 35/.
Children's Boots and Shoes in great variety.

Repairs and bespoke on the shortest notice.

NOTE THE ADDRESS.

GEORGE R. SPRINGETT,
Practical Watchmaker and Jeweller,
99, BOLTON ROAD, DARWEN.

GUINEA GOLD WEDDING RINGS.

Repairs neatly executed on the Premises.

HENRY JEPSON,
Practical Plumber, Glazier
GAS AND WATER FITTER,
121 & 123, Bolton Road, Darwen.

T. E. & F. VAUGHAN'S,
Gas-fitting Hats.

Lincoln Bennett's, and Christy's extra quality
and Livery Hats.

London Umbrellas and Sticks. Umbrellas re-covered.
Rugs, Mauds, Portmanteaus, Bags, &c.

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R. ROGERS,

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BOOT,

Market Street,

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Family Orders and Repairs punctually attended to,
and executed in the Best Style and Workmanship; every
description of Boots and Shoes made to measure, particular
attention being given to the structure of the foot, so as to
insure comfort to the wearer.

NEATNESS, STYLE, & DURABILITY GUARANTEED, AT REASONABLE PRICES

A TRIAL IS RESPECTFULLY SOLICITED.

ALSTON & Co.,
GENERAL DEALERS IN PAPER
Paper-Hangings,
AND PAPER BAG MERCHANTS,
Church Street, DARWEN.

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W. NICCOLL,
Borough Hat and Cap
MART,
Market Street, DARWEN,

Respectfully informs the public of Darwen that he has
always in stock a Large and Fashionable Collection of

Hats, Caps, Ties, Collars, &c..

And invites the favour of an early inspection.

Note the Address--Market-st., Darwen

W. H. HARGREAVES,
Dispensing & Family Chemist
19 & 20, MARKET STREET,
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**GENUINE DRUGS & CHEMICALS.**

THOMAS CLEWLEY,  
BOOT & SHOE MANUFACTURER,  
341 & 497, BOLTON ROAD, DARWEN.

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EVERY DESCRIPTION OF BOOTS & SHOES.

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*REPAIRS NEATLY EXECUTED*

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JOHN WILSON,  
BUILDER AND CONTRACTOR,  
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ORNAMENTAL TILEING OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,  
DONE TO ORDER.

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*Tobacco and Cigars of the Finest Quality.*

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NEWSAGENT, &c.

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If you want a Shirt making according  
to Cocker, give your order at  
RALPH HINDLE'S,  
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A. RUSHTON,  
6 & 8, BRIDGE STREET,  
DARWEN,  
MILLINER, DRAPER  
SILK MERCER, HOSIER, &c.

Mourning and Wedding Orders promptly attended to,  
AND ON THE MOST REASONABLE TERMS.

Agent for Madame Demorest's reliable Paper Patterns,  
*Also Agent for Wright & Sons, Stockport, Dyers to the Queen.*

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HENRY E. AINSWORTH,  
PROVISION DEALER,  
287 & 463, BOLTON ROAD.  
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Has always on hand, Good Home-cured Hams  
and Bacon, also Prime Beef and Mutton  
of the finest quality.



**WM. HITCHIN,**  
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**FOR GOOD AND CHEAP DRAPERY**  
**All the year round, call at the above address.**  
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All Goods marked in plain figures, at the lowest prices.

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F. BELLINGHAM & SONS,
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PORTMANTEAUS, BAGS, PURSES
TOYS, &c.

Perambulators, Fishing Tackle, Cricket, Lawn
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IN EVERY STYLE.

Ledgers, Day Books, Cash Books, Journals,
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Ruled and printed to pattern, of the best quality of paper, and
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ESTABLISHED 1838.

WM. YARWOOD,
BOOT MAKER,
MANCHESTER ROAD,
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ALL KINDS OF
BOOTS AND SHOES
Made to Measure.

LASTS MADE TO MEASURE,
Which are kept for Customers' sole use,
without extra charge.

FIRST-CLASS WORK ONLY.

HENRY BROWN,
English & Foreign Fruiterer,
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BURNLEY.

FRESH FISH AND VEGETABLES DAILY.

CHOICE FRUIT FOR DESSERT.

Potted Lobster, Salmon, &c. Licensed to Deal in Game
Family Orders punctually attended to.

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Opposite the Bull Hotel, **BURNLEY.**

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ARTISTIC AND DECORATIVE
Cabinet Makers, Upholsterers
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CARPET WAREHOUSEMEN,
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WORKS:
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ESTABLISHED 1863.

For Everything a Smoker Requires,

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British and Foreign Cigars of Favourite Brands, well
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TRY DUCKWORTH'S for every variety of SILVER-
MOUNTED BRIARS, MEERSCHAUMS, &c.

J. Duckworth relies solely on the quality of the articles
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**DEALER IN WORKS OF ART.**  
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**Permanent Photographs protected by Her Majesty's
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*Portraits in Oil, Water Colours; and my Specialty,
Carbon Enlargements, finished in Sepia, &c.,—
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GUARANTEED ALL FIRST-CLASS WORK.

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Ladies' and Children's Complete Outfitter.

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**INFANTS' LAYETTES, SCHOOL OUTFITS, WEDDING TROUSSEaux, ETC.**  
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HIGH-CLASS MILLINERY.

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**DRESSMAKING.**  
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Laces, Gloves, and Fancy Goods of every description.

COWGILL'S

Magnetic Iron & Quinine Tonic

Magnetic Iron & Quinine Tonic

Magnetic Iron & Quinine Tonic

For Weakness.

For Neuralgia.

For loss of Appetite

For Weakness.

For Neuralgia.

For loss of Appetite

For Nervousness.

For Toothache.

For Nervousness.

For Weakness.

For Neuralgia.

For loss of Appetite

For Weakness.

For Neuralgia.

For loss of Appetite

For Nervousness.

Sold in Bottles at 2s. and 3s. 9d. each.

COWGILL'S COMPOUND YELLOW MIXTURE, "Registered."

COWGILL'S STOMACH MEDICINE for Indigestion.

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COWGILL'S STOMACH MEDICINE for all Stomach Complaints

Sold in Bottles at 1/1 $\frac{1}{4}$, and 2/9 each.

PREPARED BY

B. COWGILL, Dispensing Chemist,

MANCHESTER ROAD, BURNLEY.

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MRS. KELLETT

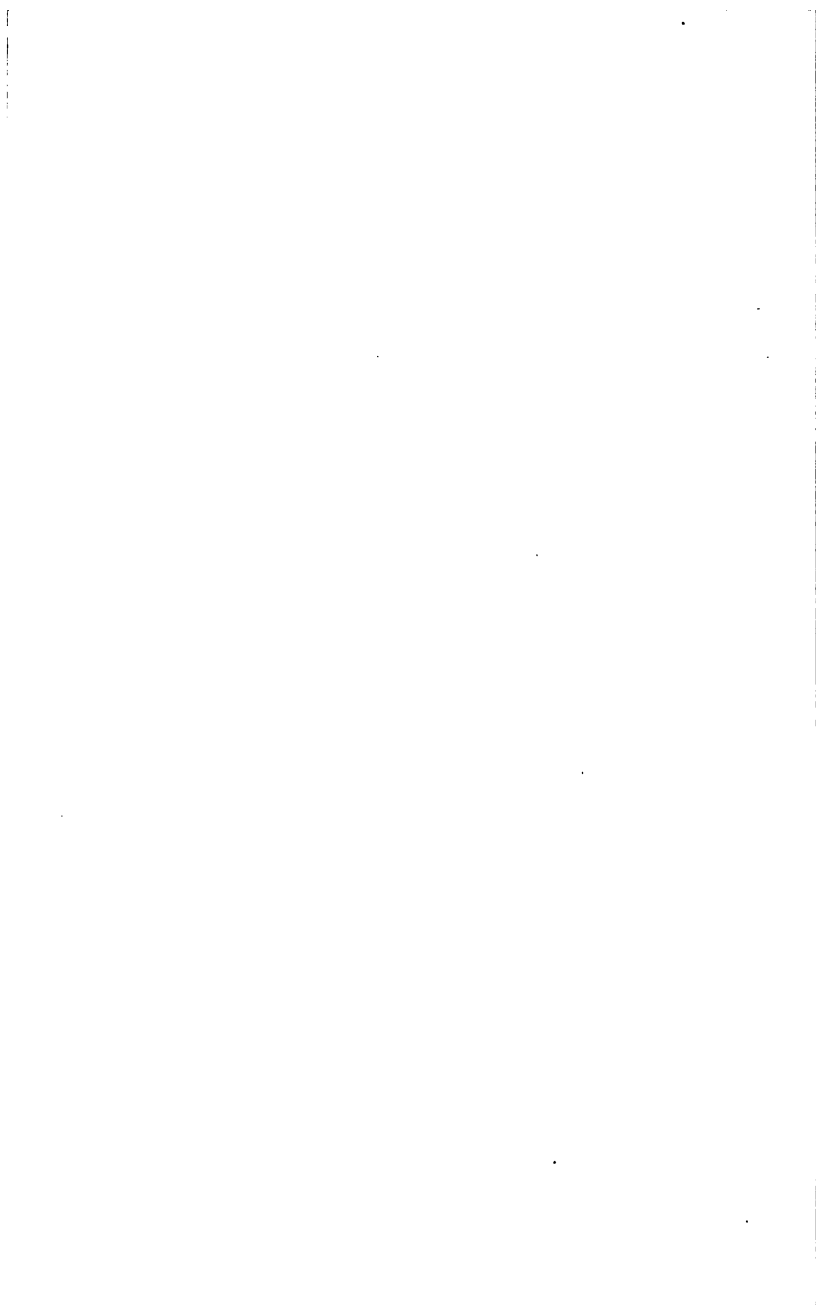
Begs respectfully to announce to her friends and the public of
Burnley and its vicinity that she has succeeded to the business
so long carried on by Mr. JOHN WILKINSON, of 22, Manchester
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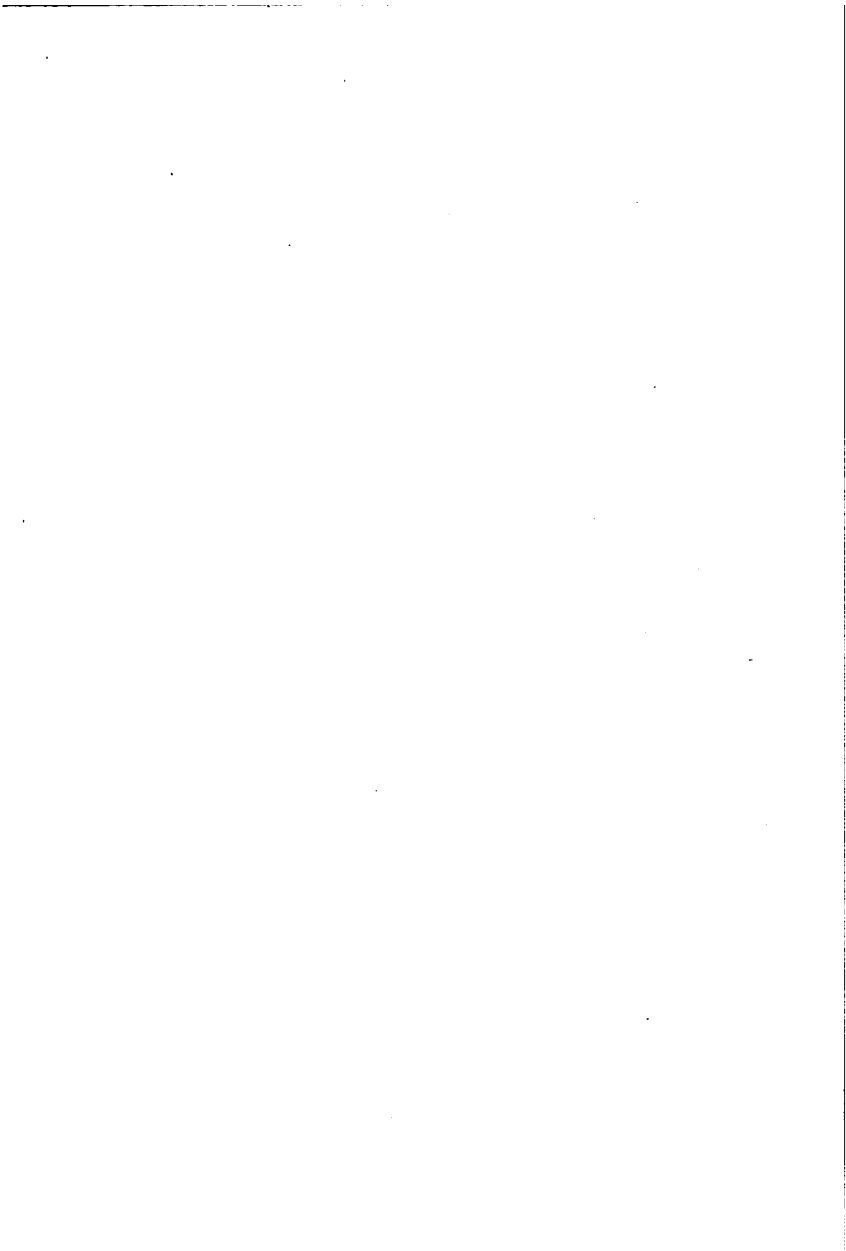
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SMALLWARE DEALER,
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And hopes to receive a share of patronage and support.

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